

1½d.

Daily Mirror

Beautiful
Souvenirs.

(See page 6.)

No. 314.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

INTERNATIONAL INQUIRY



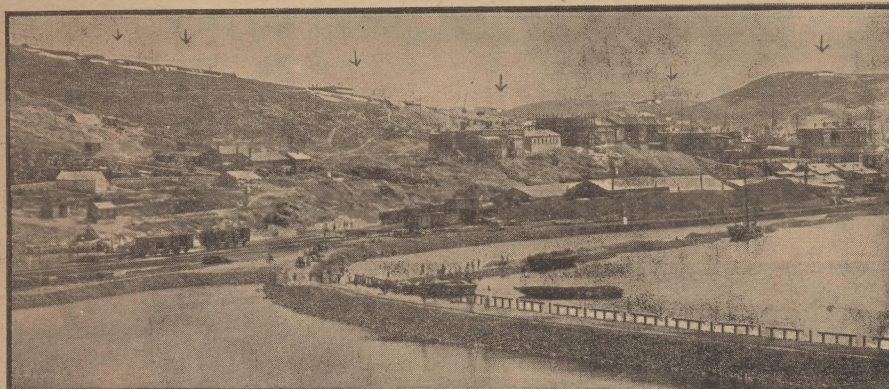
Admiral Dewey, who will represent the United States at the Baltic Fleet outrage inquiry.—(Copyright, Harper Bros.)

CAMPAIGN NOVELTIES AT THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.



Leather and brass labels, in imitation of luggage checks, to fasten on watch and hang outside vest pocket, and campaign buttons of Mr. Roosevelt smiling and Judge Parker looking serious. These are some of the Presidential election tokens which are now being extensively worn in the United States.

THE SCENE OF THE GREAT ASSAULT ON PORT ARTHUR.



The town and harbour at Port Arthur, which the Japanese were making supreme efforts to capture yesterday, the anniversary of the Mikado's birthday. The arrows indicate the inner fortifications and the line of advance of the Japanese troops.

RUSSIAN FIELD CHAPEL.



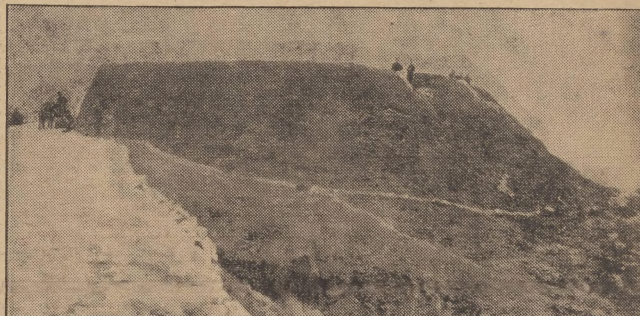
A tent, embellished with religious figures, which is being used by the Russians as a chapel on the battlefield.

JAPANESE WOUNDED RETURNING HOME.



A hospital train returning from the front with wounded Japanese soldiers.

PORT ARTHUR FORT CAPTURED BY JAPANESE.



One of the Russian forts which has just been occupied by the Japanese at Port Arthur.

DAILY BARGAINS

Miscellaneous.
FISH, Live and Cured; many imitators, but no equals.
 1 prime quality, packages selected fish, 6lb. 2s.; 9lb.
 2s. 6d.; 11lb. 3s.; 14lb. 3s. 6d.; 21lb. 5s.; carriage paid.

FURNITURE.—Rich saddlebag suite, handsome square
carpet-pattern lino. rug, pretty table, and vase
at 10s., or 2s. 6d. week.—Hine, 97, Wiesbaden-rd, Stock
Newington.

GRANDFATHER Clock; bedroom; splendid timekeeper
very handsome; 60s.—101, Tranmere-rd, Earlsfield.
IRON AND WOOD BUILDINGS, Conservatories, Green

F houses, Cucumber Frames, Lights, Poultry Appliances
Rustic Houses, Vases, Seats of every description, Glass, Tin-
ber, Heating Apparatus; cheapest house in the trade; illu-
trated list free.—William Cooper, 751, Old Kent-rd, London

1. Orient Diamond and Ruby Rings; 18-carat gold-cased; accept only 3s. the two; bargain; approval before payment willingly.--Miss Andrews, The Gabies, Adelaide-rd, Ealing Dean, London.

DATEWORK.—"Beattell." Is. velvet parcels; clean

PICTORIAL Postcards, in beautiful colours and process

views, charming actresses, celebrities, Japanese, Dutch comics, etc.; 50, all different, 1s. 6d. post free; 3s. p. gross; 25 choice Christmas Postcards, 1s.; lists free.—Central Postal Agency 128-9, Aldersgate East, London, E.C.1.

READING Cases (useful and handsome); will hold six copies of the "Daily Mirror"; 1s. each; post free. 1s. 3d.—Postal orders to 2, Carmelite-st. London, E.C.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER,
20, DENMARK HILL, LONDON.
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20, DENMARK HILL, LONDON.

PATRONISED BY NOBILITY.
GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY. FULL LIST
POST FREE ON APPLICATION.
FREE GIFT. To every Purchaser during our...

Clearance Sale we will give absolutely Free a 5
FOUNTAIN PEN, with Electric Gold Alb. Filler, and
Instructions in Box complete. Full List Post Free on
Application.

9/6. GENT'S MAGNIFICENT 18-CARAT GOLD
CASED CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH
jeweled movement, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' written
warranty; also 18-carat gold (saturated) filled double C

Albert, Seal attached, guaranteed 16 years wear, worth £2 2s. Three together, sacrifice 9s. 6d. Approval before payment.

0/6 LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT GOLD

570. CASED KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long Watch Guard, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, elegant west end design; guaranteed 15 years wear. The

17/6. LADY'S £6 6s. SOLID GOLD (stamped). KEY
LESS WATCH jewelled 10 rubles rub

engraved case; splendid timekeeper; 10 years warrant
week's trial. Sacrifice 17s. 6d. Another, superior quant
sacrifice 25s. Approval.

1076. CUTLERY, 12 Table, 12 Chop Knives Carvers, and Steel; Crayford Ivory balanced handles; unsolled; sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

4s. 6d. Another heavier, sacrifice 6s. 6d. Approval before sent.

4/6. Morocco base; 4s. 6d.; another, heavier, exceedingly beautiful pattern, extra long; sacrifice 6s. 6d. Approval before sent.

11/6. LOVELY REAL RUSSIAN SABLE fox color rich and lustrous long Stole Fur Necklet, with handsome large Muft to match; perfectly new; worth 4 guineas. Sacrifice 11s. 6d. Approved willingly.

15/9. MAGNIFICENT £3 3s. PHONOGRAPH, with
aluminium trumpet, lever action, with s
1s. 6d. Records; lot, sacrifice 16s. 9d.
10/6 LADY S magnificent £5 5s. solid gold, ha

1070. marked DIAMOND and EMERALD DOUBLE
HALF-HOOP RING; large, lustrous stones. Sacrifi
10s. 6d. Approval willing.
G4 178 2D. ELEGANT NEW SEALSKIN JACKE

£34 17s 6d. latest sacque shape, double-breasted fashionable revers, also storm collar, richly lined; wor £30; great sacrifice. £4 17s. 6d. Approval willingly.
12 1/2 MAGNIFICENT £4 4s. quarter-plate. HAN

15/6. CAMERA, by eminent Optician; takes two plates; time and snapshot shutter, bell attachment; a diaphragm lens; great sacrifice, 13s. 6d.; approval willing.

29/6. WATCH, English solid gold (stamped) full
cases; perfect timekeeper; 15 years' warranty; fully
jewelled; great sacrifice, 29s. td. App. oval willing y.
16/6. HANDSOME BROWN MARABOUT FEATHER

16s. 6d. APPROVE, seven strands; worth £5 5s.; sacrifice
16s. 6d. APPROVE, seven strands; worth £5 5s.; sacrifice
O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER AND JEWELLER, 2
DENMARK HILL, LONDON.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER AND JEWELLER,
DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.
FINANCIAL. 31. CLAPHAM ROAD.

NOTE ADDRESS-31, CLAPHAM ROAD.
RAIMOND ROSE, 115, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, LONDON, W.

BANKRUPTCY ASSET LIQUIDATION.
CLEARANCE SALE, COLOSSAL VALUE. Approval
before payment. Send postcard for complete list

BARGAIN.—12s. 6d. **MAGNIFICENT SET OF FUR**
Elegant rich dark Sable Hair Alexandra Daga
off. long necklet with 6 tassels, and handsome large mu-
nificent cape worth 4 guineas; reduced price 12s. 6d.

SILVER, HALL MARKED, MOUNTED TABLE CUT
LARRY; 10-guinea service; 12 table, 12 dessert knife
pair carvers, and steel; Crayford Ivory handles; reduced
price 25/- value 56 6/- 3224 (12 containing same up

A QUALITY SPOONS and FORKS; complete service
12 each table and dessert spoons and forks, 12

FISH KNIVES and **FORKS**; handsome 4-guinea case pairs silver, hall-marked, mounted ivory handles; reduced price, 26s. 6d.; approval.

SILVER TOILET SET; pair. Elaborately Chased. Silver. Includes: Spoon, brush, smooth silver hand Mirror, hairbrush, etc. 6d.; elaborate 2-guinea case Fish Carvers, 8s. 6d. approval.

EXCEEDINGLY HANDSOME LONG NECK CHAIR
 E. 18th cent. mahogany, filled; latest style with rollers.

12 18-ct. g.d. (stamp) linen, latest styles, wide spaces
intervals; reduced price, 6s. 6d.; also others, very ha
some designs, 5s. and 3s. 9d. each; approval.
TABLE LINEN; BANKRUPT STOCK; UNPREPARED
STANDARD TABLE LINEN; 2 21-ct. double damask T

cloths, 2 3-yd. ditto; and 12 Serviettes; lot only 25s. 6d.
guaranteed Irish manufacture; approval.

VALUABLE OLD VIOLIN; mellow tone; labelled Stra
varius Cremona, 1700; with brass-mounted case, b

LADY'S ELEGANT 2 GUINEA SILK UMBRELLA
9s. 6d.; 7in. deep silver ball-marked chased handle.
Fox's frame; unsoiled; approval.
COSTUME BOX ALEXANDRA STOLE (guaranteed)

Extremely rich, full, and long, with four real bushy foxtails; price greatly reduced. 19s. 6d.; perfectly new.

SEALSKIN JACKET: 87s. 6d.; worth £30; perfect quality; rich and dark; 6ft. long; perfectly new; reduced price, 29s. 6d.; approval.

EMANUEL D.M., DEPT. (only address), 31, CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON. NOTE ADDRESS. Near KENND

Other Daily Bargains on page 16.

PORT ARTHUR AT JAPAN'S MERCY.

A "Birthday" Assault in Honour of the Mikado.
SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING.

Unprecedented Fury of the Last Attack.

REJOICINGS IN TOKIO.

All Japan thrilled with excitement yesterday. It was the birthday of the Mikado—the day on which the Japanese Army besieging Port Arthur had promised to make a supreme effort to capture the fortress.

On Wednesday a number of important positions had fallen into the hands of the Japanese, and the ranks of the unfortunate defenders had been sadly thinned by the hell of fire in which they have fought undaunted for so long.

FIRING NIGHT AND DAY.

Attack on the Forts Pressed with Unprecedented Fury.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CHIEF, Wednesday.—All accounts received from numerous sources describe the present attack on Port Arthur as of unprecedented fury.

Last night and this morning the sound of firing was distinctly heard at Chifu.

"A continuous hail of shot and shell has poured on the forts for seven days.

It is stated that the wounded arriving at Dalay by train average 500 a day.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

Besiegers Hope the Garrison Will Surrender Immediately.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE JAPANESE THIRD ARMY IN FRONT OF PORT ARTHUR, November 2 (via Chifu, Thursday 2 p.m.). (Passed by Censor).—The Japanese are now in a position to commence the beginning of the end of the operations to capture the Eastern Fort Ridge and seize the Park.

They have completed the placing of eleven inch howitzers. On the night of the 29th ult. all the reserves were advanced, and a network of trenches had been constructed in front of the Eastern Fort Ridge.

There was a bombardment at dawn on the 30th ult., and infantry attacks were planned to take place at noon against the two Ushlungs.

Tremendous excitement prevailed among our troops, who are convinced that success would mean the capture of the Fort Ridge and the surrender of Port Arthur in time for the Emperor's birthday on the 3rd inst.—Reuter.

FATE SEALED.

Japanese Can Enter Main Forts Whenever They Are Ready.

CHIEF, Thursday.—The fate of Port Arthur may be regarded as sealed. Information which is entirely trustworthy has reached your correspondent that the Japanese now occupy positions which place the east side of the town at their mercy.

By the last assault they gained positions which render certain their ability to enter the main forts whenever they are ready.

The Japanese calculated that if the Russians do not surrender they will be capable of prolonging their final stand at Liao-tshan and Tiger's Tail for a month longer.—Reuter.

BIRTHDAY REJOICINGS.

Immense Crowds Cheer the Mikado as He Reviews His Troops.

Yesterday was fête day in Japan, and the whole nation celebrated the birthday of its idolised Emperor with joyful enthusiasm.

A great review was held in Tokio, the Mikado riding round the field on a handsome black charger. The scene, which was lit by bright autumn sunshine, was a most brilliant one, and was witnessed by an enormous crowd.

After the review the people broke into the field in thousands, and gave the happy Emperor and Crown Prince an ovation.

The Mikado also gave a luncheon at the Palace, at which the higher officials and foreign diplomats were present.

Light W. breezes; fair and mild; cloudy } To-Day's Weather { Lightning-up time, 6.25 p.m. Sea passages }
or foggy locally. } smooth generally.

"FIGHTING LIKE DEMONS."

Intrepid Assaults on Mountain Forts.

SMOTHERED WITH SHRAPNEL.

Russians Fire from Inky Darkness—Japanese Dazed by Flashing Searchlights.

A graphic and stirring narrative of Japanese gallantry is supplied by Reuter's correspondent with the Third Japanese Army.

The astounding devotion and self-sacrifice shown by all ranks in the Japanese Army is crystallised in a masterly description of the storming of the East Banjusan fort.

On August 22 General Nogi summoned—the Generals of the left and centre divisions to a consultation. During their absence, at eleven in the morning, without special orders, several companies belonging to a regiment of the centre division emerged from the dongas at the foot of the East Banjusan in tens and twenties, and charged up the slope to a broken trench wall around the crest of the fort.

The Russians behind the wall and fort poured a hail of bullets into them, while machine quick-firers belched forth.

SPLENDID SELF-SACRIFICE.

The intrepid Japanese were twice forced down, till the slope was covered with bodies.

On a third attempt a score of Japanese reached the broken wall, but an awful fire from the enemy started a retirement. An officer, regardless of the danger, stood and called out an order, planting the regimental flag in the ground. He was instantly riddled with bullets. The effect of this self-sacrifice was instantaneous. The retreating men stopped in their tracks, hesitated a moment, and they charged back.

Fighting like demons, they jumped the wall and charged the Russians with their bayonets, forcing many of them up the glacis over the ramparts into the fort.

"JAPS" SHOUTED TOO SOON.

Another realistic story is told of a bewildering surprise effected by the defenders when a general assault was in progress upon the new Banjusan fort. Part of the advance had already gained the crests and were shouting "Banzai," when their triumph was cut short. Suddenly two powerful searchlights from the east forts lighted up the Japanese lines, and rifles and machine-guns poured a deadly fire into the clearly visible ranks of the assaulters.

Finally the Japanese were slowly forced down the slopes of the hill to the trenches below.

The skillful working of the starlight and searchlights was utterly unexpected and bewildering. They never failed to locate the lines, which offered splendid marks to the Russian rifles and machine-guns, and rendered the Japanese machine-guns of little use, as they were located and silenced by quickfiring before they could do any execution.

BEWILDERED BY SEARCHLIGHTS.

The Russians along the whole line fought in the blackest darkness and the Japanese with the most dazzling light on their faces. The rattle of musketry, the roar of the Russian guns, the purring of the machine-guns, the bursting starlight, and the flashing searchlights along the whole line were wonderfully impressive.

Despite the fire of the Russian forts, the defenders of the captured forts joined the force from the valley as the Russians were driven into the higher fort ridge, and the new Banjusan forte, on the higher ridge in the rear of Banjusan forte, were stormed and captured by the Japanese pursuing force.

BY COMMAND OF THE KAISER.

Low-necked Dresses "Made to Order" at the Berlin Opera.

BERLIN, Thursday.—At a performance at the Opera yesterday, at which the Emperor was present, many ladies were turned back as they appeared in high-necked gowns instead of décolletées in accordance with the royal command.

Many ladies, in order to obtain admittance, improvised low-cut dresses by borrowing scissors from the attendants and cutting out the offending portions of their frocks.

Amusing and painful scenes were enacted in the corridors, and much millinery littered the floor.

MONMOUTH ELECTION—RESULT.

Polling took place in West Monmouth yesterday to fill the Parliamentary vacancy caused by the death of Sir William Harcourt.

At an early hour this morning it was stated that Mr. Thomas Richards (Labour and Liberal candidate) had been elected by a majority of 4,635 over Sir John Cockburn (Tariff Reform).

Sir William Harcourt's last majority in 1900 was 2,575.

"UNWARRANTABLE INTERFERENCE."

Government's Strong Protest On Contraband.

RUSSIA AGAIN CLIMBS DOWN.

British diplomacy has scored another victory against Russian highhandedness.

Lord Lansdowne, in a long letter made public last night, and addressed to the London Chamber of Commerce, is able to announce that the questions arising out of the Russian definition of "contraband" and the sinking and capture of neutral ships have been satisfactorily settled.

His Lordship further encourages British merchants and shippers to continue without fear their trade with Japan.

Lord Lansdowne tells the Chamber that the Government pointed out to the Russian Government the unfairness of treating coal and raw cotton as unconditional contraband, declaring that such action in the case of raw cotton—

would amount to subjecting a branch of innocent commerce which is specially important in the Far East to a most unwarrantable interference.

In reply to this strong line satisfactory assurances have been received. Lord Lansdowne says:

It is understood that Russian naval commanders have been recently furnished with supplementary instructions which His Majesty's Government have every reason to believe will be interpreted in a liberal spirit.

Finally it is explained that appeals and claims in the case of the ships sunk and detained are being vigorously pressed at St. Petersburg, and with evident hope of success, and Lord Lansdowne advises British firms engaged in Far East trade to rely on international law to settle any difficulties which may arise, and not permit the trade to go into the hands of foreigners.

It is again stated that the Government can find no evidence that German ships have been favoured by the Russians.

SCARED SQUADRON SHADOWED.

Will Supervision Continue Until Inquiry is Concluded?

The second portion of the Baltic Fleet arrived at Tangier yesterday, escorted by the British cruiser squadron.

The cruisers remained about five miles behind the Russian ships, with decks cleared for action.

The statement that the British Fleet will follow the Baltic Squadron to act as guard is received with scepticism in Germany. Some newspapers refer to the danger of friction arising from such a course.

TANGIER, Thursday, Later.—The Russian warships Sissoi Veliki, Oslabla, Amiral Nakhimoff, and Dmitri Donaskoi, under the command of Rear-Admiral Foelkersahn, have left for Suda Bay.—Reuter.

Suda Bay is on the north coast of Crete, and about 1,200 miles from Tangier.

IS THE CRISIS OVER?

Significant Statements by Cabinet Ministers.

Two members of the Government spoke at the mayor's dinner at Guildford last night, and each made it plain that the Anglo-Russian crisis has not yet vanished.

Lord Onslow said the Government were fully alive to the strong feeling which existed in the country as to their action to maintain and defend the national honour.

Though the crisis had passed the acute stage, it had not been disposed of altogether. He hoped, however, that we should all keep our own heads.

Mr. Brodick said that the situation, though better than a week ago, was not yet without anxiety; but with good feeling on both sides our legitimate claims might be satisfied without unduly pressing upon Russia.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.

MR. BALFOUR'S ILLNESS.

Premier's Engagements Cancelled for Three Weeks.

WHAT A SPECIALIST SAYS.

Dangers the Distinguished Patient is Courting.

The following bulletin was issued at eleven o'clock at No. 10, Downing-street, yesterday morning:—

Mr. Balfour, who is suffering from a slight attack of phlebitis in the left leg, is going on most satisfactorily. His general health is excellent. At present absolute rest of the limb is necessary.

(Signed) FREDERICK TREVES.
EDGEMORE VENNING.

This complaint will necessitate complete rest on the part of the Premier for the next three weeks at least, and has led to all his public engagements during that period being cancelled.

Among these engagements is the Lord Mayor's banquet on Wednesday next, when Mr. Balfour's place will be taken by Lord Lansdowne.

An eminent medical man, whose official appointments enable him to speak with authority, said that he had never thought the Prime Minister's affection was simply varicose veins, as originally suggested, nor did he believe that the original estimate of confinement to the room for "the next few days" would prove adequate.

ORIGINS AN EXCITING CAUSE.

"The patient is obviously suffering from a local patch of inflammation in the wall of a small, superficial vein of the inside of the left leg. It might be attributable to gout, or it might also be a sequel to influenza. In the former event the anxiety induced by the recent critical state of affairs would be a most potent exciting cause."

"The result of this inflammation is that the blood passing through the vein clots, and tends to obstruction of the circulation at that point. This causes great pain and swelling in the obstructed part."

"Under such conditions the patient must have absolute rest, and, in my opinion, a mere three weeks represents the minimum of rest wrung from Mr. Balfour by his anxious medical attendants."

"My grounds for saying this, apart from my knowledge of the peculiar circumstances of the case, is the risk of the clot becoming suddenly detached from the wall of the vein into some more vital organ."

"It is interesting to note apropos of this that Mr. Gerald Balfour has suffered from phlebitis and from the less severe results of detached clots. It will be remembered that he was somewhat critically ill in consequence, and was away from work for quite a long time."

"The price the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour would have to pay in the event of his neglecting precautions—which he seems by his presence at a Cabinet meeting inclined to do—is at least a three to six months' illness of exceptional gravity."

ANOTHER CABINET MEETING.

Date, Place, and Procedure of Inquiry Not Yet Settled.

Yesterday the Cabinet again met, for the fourth time within a week.

As a result of Mr. Balfour's illness the meeting was held at 10, Downing-street instead of at the Foreign Office.

It is understood that negotiations are still progressing smoothly, although the constitution of the International Tribunal has not yet been settled.

The British proposal is that the International Commission shall consist of four delegates, one each from Great Britain, Russia, France, and the United States, and a fifth to be chosen by the four. Paris is favoured by Britain as the place of assembly, but the Russian Government is believed to prefer The Hague.

It was stated at the Foreign Office in the evening that there is nothing at present to communicate with reference to the constitution or procedure of the Court, or the date and place of its sittings.

PERJURED SOLDIERS SENTENCED.

Sequel to a Fatal Military Fraas at Barbados.

Sentence of three years' confinement in the military gaol has, says Reuter, been passed by court-martial at Barbados upon Lance-Corporal Edward Howe, Privates Robert Scott, David Allman, Hubert Williams, Charles Marshall, William M. Roby, and Reginald Carr, all of the West India Regiment, for perjury in the evidence given by them before the coroner at the inquest concerning the death of Private Uriah Pritchard, who succumbed to a bullet wound received in a fracas between men of the Worcestershire and the West India regiments in May last.

BABY PRINCE'S REARING.

How Queen Elena Watches
Her Son's Cradle.

MANY SUMPTUOUS GIFTS.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra
Make Handsome Presents.

The young Prince of Piedmont (says our Rome correspondent) has been rapidly initiated into his father's favourite sport—motoring. Shortly before the departure of the Royal Family from Racoonig, the little Prince and his nurse were seen in the park seated in a motor-car, which was awaiting the Queen. The King has taken three motors to San Rossore; and now that he has got a son to succeed him, has developed a taste for hazardous driving feats.

Queen Elena is in better health than she has been for the past year. Like his two sisters, the infant Prince is the image of his mother. He has not yet been baptised, and will not be until next month.

Amusing stories are still being told as to the atmosphere of adoration with which the heir to Italy's throne is being surrounded. The Queen has, of course, always been a devoted mother, but her affection for her last-born almost reaches infatuation.

The story goes that she has had to get rid of several under-nurses owing to friction caused by her excessive maternal care. Every garment that comes near the skin of the sacred child is first felt by the Queen in order to make sure that it is well aired.

Cradles from Everywhere.

Italy has become used to the possession of an heir, and now takes the matter indifferently. But Italians beyond the seas continue to send gifts and protestations of joy. From Argentina last week came a gorgeous cradle encrusted in Indian style with coloured grasses. Another cradle came from a group of Italian residents in New York.

Queen Elena is said to have received seventeen cradles from different parts of the world, and, though she can use but one, she insists upon letting the royal infant rest in each for a brief interval, thus preventing the donors' disappointment.

Those who have seen the Prince pronounce him to be a particularly fine and handsome child. His photograph has already begun to appear on post-cards and in periodicals.

An enterprising Frenchman some time ago wrote to King Victor Emmanuel asking for a monopoly right to reproduce the heir's features, and offering in exchange to pay 10 per cent. of the proceeds to the Queen's favourite charities. The Queen has already rejected her son in various attitudes.

Weighted Every Morning.

Queen Elena lately ordered from Paris a handsome "baby record book," in which the weight and condition of her son, his first smiles, etc., are entered with loving care.

The infant is weighed every morning, and if the increase is below the average the Queen and her medical advisers discuss the problem in solemn conclave.

King Victor Emmanuel, whose tastes are Spartan, protests in vain that his son should be brought up badly.

"If you have two sons you can afford to take the risk," replies the Queen. "We have only one, and it is better that he should be over-caressed than under-caressed."

Of all Queen Elena's royal sisters none shows more solicitude about the infant's future than the Queen of England.

Affectionate letters pass almost every week between the two Sovereigns; and one of the most cherished of the Italian lady's gifts is a large, illustrated Bible, the gift of Queen Alexandra. King Edward, among other things, presented the Prince of Piedmont with a gold rattle.

STAGE'S TRIBUTE TO MR. DAN LENO.

Elaborate arrangements have been made for the funeral of the late Mr. Dan Leno at Lambeth Cemetery, Tooting, next Tuesday.

Deputations from every society attached to the theatrical profession will be present at the grave-side, and it is noteworthy that not a single woman distinguished in the music-hall profession will be absent from the popular jester's graveside.

1,900 RABBITS SHOT BY SIX GUYS.

Some remarkable sport is this week being obtained on the Bradgate Park Estate, in Leicestershire. In one day, six guys, including Sir Henry Lambert and Captain Lillingstone Johnstone, bagged no fewer than 1,900 rabbits.

MAY IN NOVEMBER.

Second Crops of Plums and
Raspberries Gathered.

Many congratulations were exchanged yesterday regarding the weather. It was a day to make birds sing in the parks, mistaking late autumn for early spring.

For days past reports have come in to the *Daily Mirror* office of second crops and out-of-season garden curiosities. To quote one, a South Lincolnshire correspondent writes:

Second crops of Victoria plums, which attained the size of walnuts, and ripe raspberries are being gathered. Strawberry plants are full of blossom, and sprigs of bloom may also be seen on some of the apple and pear trees. In sheltered positions flowers are blooming profusely, especially roses, and some Marechal Niel blooms have just been plucked which developed on a south wall.

In accounting for the phenomenal growth of raspberries, an expert of the Meteorological Office yesterday pointed out the curious fact that although up to October 15 the temperature was higher the sunshine was below the average, while in the later weeks the sunshine was longer and the temperature lower.

THAMES STEAMERS NEXT SUMMER.

Captain Owen Takes Hopeful View of
L.C.C. Steamboat Scheme.

Captain Arthur Owen, whose portrait appears on page 9, is entering upon his duties as Manager of the London County Council's new Thames steamboat service in the most hopeful frame of mind.

He told a *Mirror* representative that he saw no reason why the service should not be inaugurated next May, though he does not believe the scheme can be made to pay in the first year. "I remember," he said, "when the quarter to nine boat to London was an institution with Greenwich men; many used to walk over from Blackheath, through Greenwich Park, to catch it."

"We shall have to win the confidence of regular travellers, and that will take time, but I am confident that the results will fully justify the enterprise of the Council."

JUDGE AS MATCHMAKER.

Pianoforte Lessons Lead to a
Courtship.

Judge Shand appeared in the rôle of matchmaker in the Liverpool County Court yesterday.

Marion Malcolm, a pretty young lady, sued her sweetheart, Willie Brown, who lives next door to her in Isaac-street, Liverpool, for £14s. 11d. payment for lessons on the pianoforte.

Miss Malcolm said the defendant arranged to take lessons from her, but he only paid for the first quarter.

The defendant denied that the question of money—unless it were possibly matrimony—entered into the arrangement.

He had given the plaintiff 10s., but that was to cover the cost of "follies" on a dress which the plaintiff had had made. He had kept company with her since April.

The Judge: Is it hopeless now?
The Defendant: It would not have been but for the conduct of her mother.

The Judge: Cannot it be arranged yet? Because I will adjourn this in order that the piano and the "follies" may be arranged.

Mr. Brown (bristling up): I will talk to Miss Malcolm about it if she will.

The Judge (to plaintiff): Don't you think it will be better if I left it a little while?

Miss Malcolm (shaking her head): No, sir. He knew all about the terms.

Nevertheless, the case was adjourned for a week to enable the parties to settle the affair.

RIVER WYE POISONED.

Hundreds of trout and grayling have been poisoned in the River Wye at Bakewell, and dead and dying fish have been taken out by the bucketful.

The fishing is presided by the Duke of Rutland, and his water bailiffs are completely baffled by the strange affair.

Some of the dead fish have been examined by the county analyst, but he has not yet been able to diagnose the cause of death.

SUICIDAL EFFECT OF CLIFFS.

The coroner for East Sussex attributes a great and sudden increase in suicides in the county to general business depression in Sussex. The proportion of suicides to the population is the second highest in the country, being just behind Surrey.

In the case of Sussex, the south coast cliffs and seas have fatal attractions for Londoners contemplating self-destruction.

By the premature explosion of shots in the South Wingfield Colliery, near Atrifton, yesterday, one man had his leg broken and three other men were badly bruised.

DEATH IN THE MILK.

Crying Need for Legislation To
Protect Consumers.

PUBLIC RUN GRAVE RISKS.

The decision given in the High Courts of Justice has established the fact that there is grave danger to health in the London milk.

What is to be done, and who is to be held responsible for seeing that this peril is removed? These questions were put to an eminent authority by a *Daily Mirror* representative yesterday.

"The law on this subject, as on many others, is very stupid," he said, and the dangers of contamination are considerable.

"In addition to disease germs from the cow, there is infection from consumptives, who may handle the milk before it reaches the consumer."

At the London County Council there is a very strong feeling on the milk question, and the point as to responsibility has been frequently and thoroughly discussed.

Inspectors' Hands Tied.

"We are under great disabilities at present," said a prominent official. "We are allowed to see to the fitness of dairy buildings and cows within our area—our veterinary inspector visits periodically every cowshed in London—but we cannot deal with the milk itself unless we know it comes from a diseased cow, and then the medical officer has to obtain a justice's order."

"We are applying again next year for full powers. We wish, for example, to be able to take samples of milk within the county, and to compel immediate notification of suspected disease in cows. We want the right to prohibit the supply."

GREAT MAN-MILLINER.

Famous Mr. Lewis Brings Fresh Hat
Fashions from Paris.

An event of special interest to many homes yesterday was the return from Paris to London of Mr. Lewis, the famous man-milliner, with all the newest fashions.

A *Daily Mirror* representative was rewarded by seeing some of the "confections" and hearing all about the newest colours and materials.

Mr. Lewis has returned from Paris full of ideas, and has decreed that, henceforward, hats shall be short in front and very long behind; exactly the opposite to the mode which has hitherto prevailed—almost a revolution in millinery.

The brim in front is to be shortened to almost no brim at all; everything is behind, trimming, brim, bandeau; and yet the hat is chic beyond expression.

Another feature of the new hat is that it will be expensive, though possibly well worth the money lavished upon it.

STRENGTH WITHOUT MUSCLE.

Little Bavarian's Amazing Feats of
Weight-lifting.

Strength without muscular development sounds like a paradox. But it is a physical fact in the personality of Herr George Lettl, a spare, little Bavarian, who comes before the public on Monday evening at the Hippodrome.

For the benefit of a number of Pressmen, he yesterday performed a series of astonishing feats. Herr Lettl is scarcely more than five feet high, with flesh as soft as a child's and a chest which would scarcely have passed an Army doctor.

He commenced by lifting, as if it were a glass of water, a huge iron anchor weighing 850lb. Then, with scarcely less effort, the same anchor, with two men standing on it, a weight of 1,170lb.; and, finally, the anchor with four men on it, a weight of 1,500lb.

EX-MAYOR AND HIS WIFE UPSET.

Alderman Magnus George Moatt, an ex-Mayor of Kingston-on-Thames, and Mrs. Moatt, having an exciting experience while driving along the Hampton Court-road.

The horse shied at a passing electric tramcar and bolted, dashed into an omnibus. Mr. and Mrs. Moatt were both flung from the carriage into the road, but fortunately escaped with no more serious injury than a severe shaking.

DUKE THROWN FROM HIS HORSE.

The Duke of Westminster, who is at Eaton Hall, will be incapacitated for a few days as the result of an accident yesterday in the Cheshire hunting field. The meet was at Duddon Heath, near Tarporley, and in the course of the chase the Duke was thrown from his horse and sustained injuries to the muscles of one of his shoulders. He was removed to Eaton Hall in his motor-car.

The Humanitarian League have petitioned the Lord Mayor-Elect to exclude from the banquet on November 9 pate de foie gras, which is obtained by a process notoriously cruel and revolting.

HALL CAINE AT HOME.

What It Feels Like To Be
Successful.

THE BOOK AND THE PLAY.

Mr. Hall Caine, the famous author, whose novel, "The Prodigal Son," creates a literary and publishing record by appearing to-day in nine languages, was interviewed by a *Daily Mirror* representative last night at Greetha Castle, his residence in the Isle of Man.

"What does it feel like to be the most widely-read author in the world?" asked the *Mirror* interviewer.

"If I am that it may be a cause for pride, but it feels like a great responsibility," said the author, with something between a smile and a sigh.

"Whatever the extent of my audience, I am not ashamed to take my calling seriously."

"To what qualities do you attribute your enormous success?"

"If it is enormous," said Mr. Caine, still more modestly, "then it must be attributed to the simplest faculty: first, the faculty of the storyteller, and next to sympathy with humanity, which always responds to the voice of the man who loves it, whatever his shortcomings and defects."

Where It Will Be Played.

"And your play, Mr. Caine, in how many capitals and languages will it be produced?"

"In London and New York first, afterwards in Berlin, and if arrangements now in progress are completed, in Paris and St. Petersburg."

"When may your next book be expected?" asked the *Daily Mirror* representative.

Mr. Hall Caine threw up his hands in despair. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof," he quoted with a laugh.

"To certain proportions made to me within the past few days I have answered that I cannot possibly mention a date. My books come rarely. Owing to uncertain health, and the difficulty of satisfying myself with a subject, I can write less than any author of the time."

"Have I any superstitions about my methods of work? Only one: that I am fit for writing merely one day in five. But perhaps my less friendly critics will rightly say that it is not a superstition."

And Mr. Hall Caine, laughing, bid his interviewer "good night."

On page 7 of the *Daily Mirror* Mr. Hall Caine is the "man of the moment." On page 10 the story of "The Prodigal Son" is told.

NEW CITY MARSHAL.

"Ranker" Captain Successful Among
Six Candidates.

Captain Kearns, of the Army Service Corps, was last evening elected as City Marshal in place of Captain Stanley.

The new Marshal, who is forty-three years old, served in the Zulu war, the Ashanti expedition, and the South African campaign, and has several times been mentioned in dispatches. He rose from the ranks, and at present is riding master at Woolwich.

Captain Kearns has been already associated with the organisation of the Military Tournaments at the Agricultural Hall. He has spent his whole life in military service, and was, in fact, born in barracks. The salary attached to the post is £300, with certain perquisites and an allowance for a house.

CASTAWAY CREW MASSACRED.

A melancholy fate has overtaken the crew of a wrecked British steamer, the Baron Inverdale, which foundered off the Korya Marya Islands, near Muscat, last August.

The commander of H.M.S. Merlin, accompanied by the Sultan of Muscat in his own steamer, has been making inquiries, and it has at last transpired that seventeen persons belonging to the crew have been massacred.

Nine of the murderers have been arrested.

KING CARLOS'S VISIT.

Orders were given yesterday for the cruiser squadron at Portsmouth to accompany the King's yacht to Cherbourg when it goes there on the 12th inst. to embark the King and Queen of Portugal. Rear-Admiral Sir W. H. Fawkes is to welcome their Majesties aboard the yacht in the name of King Edward.

King Edward arrived at Sandringham last evening, where he will remain till the celebration of his birthday, on the 9th inst.

INTELLIGENT WORKHOUSE LAD.

To enable a Strood workhouse boy to become an apprentice in Chatham Dockyard, a position he had won in a competition examination, the Lords of the Admiralty have granted him board wages. Their Lordships state that this favour must be considered quite exceptional.

BEWITCHED SQUIRE.

Believed Himself Under the Evil Eye of Tailors.

AFRAID OF RED TILES.

The extraordinary history of an old gentleman of South Wales, and of his alleged persecution by the Powers of Darkness, were listened to with feelings of awe by the Probate Court yesterday.

Mr. Morgan Jones, whose will was being disputed, died at Rhydyop, Llanquiche, in Glamorganshire, last year, being over seventy years of age. He left his savings—£800—to Glamorganshire charities, and not to his relations.

These financial matters were ostensibly the main subject which the Court was discussing, but it did not succeed in disguising the fact that its attention was really enthralled by the amazing series of bewitchings that were stated to have beset Mr. Jones right through his life.

As Mr. Jones was unfortunately dead, and not able to detail these events in person, counsel and witnesses had to repeat what the old gentleman divulged on previous occasions.

Bewitched by Tailors.

The following account of his supernatural experiences is compiled from their combined declarations:—

When he was a little boy Mr. Jones was bewitched by some tailors for some weird thing in the form of tailors. The tailors bound their victim round and round with chains.

When he grew to be a young man, in spite of the fact that a liberal allowance was made to him, Mr. Jones never had any money. It was spirited away. This is proved by an entry of his in a story-book belonging to a friend: "I did not have any money early. I had half a sovereign when I was thirty. I have been in bed all my life."

And again, in his bank pass-book he wrote:—"Morgan Jones, Esquire, has been a slave, a nigger, and working in the gutter, and is bewitched. Indeed, sure, no doubt."

He made a great fight against the evil spells that tailors and other influences were seeking to cast around him. As he walked from the village of Rhydyop to the town of Pontardawe he scratched antidotal signs on the roadway with his walking-stick, and marked the walls on each side of the way with holy symbols.

Before venturing to cross Pontardawe Bridge when coming to Pontardawe he always carefully marked the roadway, and then made counter-charms by touching the bridge's two parapets.

Accused by Voices.

Mysterious voices once accused Mr. Jones of sheep stealing, but in his own mind he was satisfied that the sheep stolen were taken by a local squire to feed his numerous retinue of servants.

Houses with red tiles had a particularly baneful influence on Mr. Jones. When his father was lying dying in a red-tiled house he dare not go in because he knew that the house was bewitched, having red tiles like the abode of a famous sorcerer.

He also discovered that the porch of Rhydyop Church was labouring under a wicked enchantment, and when he was obliged to enter the edifice he did so by a side postern.

But the bad influences and enchantments could not stop his winning prizes at Eisteddfods. At an Eisteddfod held in his chapel he won the first prize for a speech about the set subject of clocks by pronouncing the Welsh for "clock" more correctly than anybody else could pronounce it, and then saying who the inventor of clocks was.

"There are some Welsh words," explained a Welsh minister, who gave evidence, "which are never used in the spoken language. Clock is one of them. It is very difficult to pronounce in Welsh."

Sir Francis Jeune: Is it a word of four syllables? (Loud laughter.)

The case was adjourned.

STRUGGLE ON £600 A YEAR.

Mrs. Anna Maria Rowe, defendant in an action brought by a ladies' tailor in Westminster County Court yesterday for dresses supplied, was said to be living apart from her husband, and in receipt of an income of £600 a year.

His Honour: What is your husband's income? Mrs. Rowe: My husband is very well off—quite £10,000 a year. He is buying some very valuable property.

His Honour: If you have £600 a year it ought to be sufficient. I will adjourn it for you to consult a solicitor.

FATE IN A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

On the advice of a friend, John Jacobs, a Hackney dealer, put his foot into hot water and sought a cure for gonorrhoea.

The water was too hot, and he scalded his foot, with the result that blood-poisoning supervened and he died. A verdict of Accidental Death was returned at the inquest yesterday.

JUDGE ON ROVING CATS.

Owners Must Keep Their Pets Under Control.

The point whether the owners of cats must keep them under control was decided at Lambeth County Court yesterday.

Mr. Joseph Wheatley, a City solicitor, claimed 10s. from Miss Louisa Allen, confectioner, Frederick-terrace, Coldharbour-lane, for a vase broken by the latter's cat.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheatley occupied rooms over Miss Allen's shop, and one night she locked out the cat, so that it was left on their premises. The animal had recently had kittens, and in making a wild attempt to escape broke the vase.

Miss Allen contended that she was not responsible, as cats would roam about.

Judge Emden said, so far as he knew, it was the first case of the kind. He would have to hold that people who kept cats must keep them under proper control, although undoubtedly this would be difficult to do. Miss Allen must pay 5s. for the damage done.

FINE PAYS FOR A SUPPER.

A "Gentlemanly Way" of Settling Differences.

A novel method of spending a police court fine was related to Judge Rentoul, K.C., at the City of London Court, yesterday.

Mr. Arthur Couch, Devonshire-chambers, was suing Mr. W. Watson, turf commission agent, of Whitecross-street, to recover £7. The plaintiff explained that he had an altercation with the defendant and struck him. The assault resulted in a prosecution at the police court, when Mr. Couch agreed to give the defendant £10 by way of compensation on the understanding that the defendant was to spend the money on a champagne supper—five friends to be invited on each side.

Mr. Watson, the plaintiff asserted, had received the £10, and spent £3 of it on some champagne and a steak, but the more formal gathering had never taken place. The evening was fixed, but Mr. Watson changed his mind.

Judge Rentoul, who said he thought the parties had settled the matter in an excellent and gentlemanly manner, gave judgment for the plaintiff, with costs.

MILLIONAIRE'S "PROTEGE."

Army Tutor Alleged To Have Black-mailed Titled Friends.

When Richard Henry Cummings, otherwise Gibson, who, in addition to other charges, is accused of robbing Miss Florence Walton, an artist, whose acquaintance he made in Hyde Park, was brought up again at Marlborough-street yesterday the magistrate inquired whether anything was known about the prisoner.

Sergeant Burton: He has been convicted four times. He has been an Army tutor. Four years ago he was introduced to Mr. Cook, an American millionaire, and through him got introduced to titled people and went abroad with them. Since then it is alleged he has attempted to blackmail people.

An assistant at Harrod's Stores stated that on August 15 Cummings called, and said he was selecting goods for Mr. Cook, of Park-lane. He selected, among other things, a gold cigarette-case, remarking that Mr. Cook had an account with the firm. The cigarette-case was sent to the address given by Cummings, but was never paid for.

The prisoner was again remanded.

FAREWELL KISSES BEFORE DEATH.

Dressing to go to his work, Joseph Payne, a Limehouse carman, suddenly complained of a choking sensation and immediately ran downstairs, kissed his children, and then put his arms round his wife's neck, exclaiming, "I know I am dying, my dear."

A few minutes later he expired. His death was shown at the inquest yesterday to have been due to heart disease.

SORROWS OF AN ALIEN.

Arrested at Plymouth for embezzlement at Stuttgart, a German named Karl Raiff, aged twenty-five, burst into tears, and said he wished he had taken his life.

He again sobbed bitterly when remanded by the Bow-street magistrate yesterday, prior to extradition.

THRIFTLESS BACHELORS.

"Unmarried working men are the most extravagant class in the community," said Judge Emden at Lambeth County Court yesterday. "Frequently," he added, "they earn very good wages, but my long experience in hearing judgment summonses, both in London and in the country, show that they rarely have a penny."

£6,000 IN COLLEGE DEBTS.

Baronet's Anger at a Younger Son's Extravagance.

A sequel to the financial difficulties incurred by the younger son of a well-known Devonshire family while at Cambridge came before Mr. Justice Farwell in the Chancery Division yesterday.

The question for decision was whether a transaction between Major Edward Arthur George Stucley, a son of the late Sir George and Lady Elizabeth Stucley, was an absolute sale to the father of his son's reversion to £5,000, or whether it was an assignment by way of mortgage.

Major Stucley was interested in considerable property left by his mother. While at Cambridge he got into the hands of the Jews, despite the fact that his father allowed him £250 a year to cover his university expenses.

His extravagance angered his father, who sent him to Australia, where he remained. The late baronet died in 1900, so that the Major never saw him again.

Before his departure, however, the son's debts, amounting to over £6,000, were paid by Sir George Stucley. The mortgages the son had given the money-lenders being transferred to the father.

The son also entered into an agreement purporting to assign to his father his reversionary legacy of £5,000 in consideration of a payment of £1,500.

Major Stucley says that no such sum was ever handed over, and it was never intended to sell anything.

The defendants in the suit include the present baronet, Major Stucley's brother.

The hearing of the case was not concluded when the court rose for the day.

SHOWN INTO THE STREET.

Scene Between Theatrical Agent and Music-Hall Artists.

A difference of opinion between two well-known managers of the music-hall world led to an action in Westminster County Court, yesterday.

Mr. Ben Nathan, theatrical agent, sued Miss Fanny Wentworth for commission amounting to £13 17s. 6d., and incidentally related how he turned that lady out of his office.

"Miss Wentworth called me a liar, so I ordered her out of my office, and told her never to enter it again," said Mr. Nathan.

It was admitted that Miss Wentworth entered into a contract by which she was to pay commission on the first and subsequent engagements obtained for her at music-halls belonging to any one proprietor. The salary was £30 a week.

In the course of his evidence, Mr. Nathan repeated the suggestion that music-hall artists get less remuneration in London than in the provinces. With reference to Miss Wentworth's contract, he said: "She is a most particular woman, and never signs a contract she does not understand."

The case was adjourned to enable Miss Wentworth, whose real name is Fanny Sarah Albert, to bring a counterclaim for damages for termination of agreement.

AGREED NOT TO KILL HIMSELF.

£4,000 Insurance Policy in Dispute Through a Broken Contract.

A dispute which arose under unusual circumstances in connection with a life insurance policy for £4,000 came before the Court of Appeal yesterday.

A man named Finberg, who was indebted to the plaintiffs, Messrs. Ellinger, insured his life with the Mutual Life Assurance Co., of New York, for five years for £4,000 in their favour.

When he took out the policy he signed a statement that "I also warrant and agree that I will not commit suicide during the period of one year from the date of the contract."

However, shortly afterwards, during a fit of insanity, Finberg did commit suicide. The insurance company, some time ago, successfully contested an action brought by Messrs. Ellinger, in Mr. Justice Bigham's Court, to recover the amount of the policy.

The Master of the Rolls and his colleagues yesterday upheld the Judge's decision that the insurance company is not liable.

CHAUFFEUR SQUANDERS A FORTUNE.

"A gay life has been his downfall," said a detective at West Ham yesterday with reference to Charles William Garwood, an insurance agent, who was sentenced to two months' hard labour for the theft of a diamond brooch.

Garwood was said to have run through several thousand pounds which he had had left him, with the result that his wife and family are now starving. He stole the brooch from a Mr. James Seymour while acting as motor-man to that gentleman during a tour in the west of England.

A solicitor named Thomas Lovell, of Loughborough-park, Brixton, was fined 40s. at Lambeth County Court yesterday for failing to appear in answer to a judgment summons taken out at the suit of a local tailor.

"SLATER" SET AT LIBERTY,

But the Judge Makes Stern Comments on the Case.

SCOTT SHOWS EMOTION.

Henry Scott, otherwise known as Henry Slater, the founder of the detective agency of that name, was acquitted at the Old Bailey yesterday of the charge of conspiracy in the Pollard Divorce suit.

In deciding the points which Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., had put forward, in contending that there was no case against Scott, Mr. Justice Darling said he did not think there was evidence against him which it would be proper to leave to the jury. That was altogether apart from what he thought as to evidence of negligence or misconduct.

As to, his lordship added, the conduct of Scott—the impropriety, even the danger of it—he was satisfied, but it was because that conduct was open to severe condemnation that he should not leave his case to the jury.

Although, therefore, many of the facts dealt with by the Solicitor-General gave rise to grave suspicion, he had come to the conclusion that none of them had been fully proved, and on that ground he decided there was no evidence against Scott, in the terms of the indictment.

On the direction of the Judge, the jury then formally returned a verdict of Not Guilty, in the case of Scott, and the accused was set at liberty.

Scott's Gratitude to His Counsel.

As the Judge announced his decision Osborn and some of the other accused men in the dock turned to Scott with expressions of congratulation.

The detective appeared overcome by his feelings, and there were tears in his eyes.

Ushered from the dock, Slater hurried after Mr. Isaacs, who was just leaving the court. Grasping his counsel's hand, the released man wrung it with much warmth.

Counsel for the five other defendants, Albert Osborn, Mrs. Pollard's solicitor; Henry, the manager of Slater's agency; and the three inquiry agents, Davies, Pracey, and Smith, then proceeded to address the jury on behalf of their respective clients.

Mr. Gill was addressing the jury on behalf of Osborn when the Court rose until to-day. He had asked who was to be the victim in the case—the prosecution having failed to secure the conviction of Slater.

LAST DESPAIRING MESSAGE.

Sad Words of Farewell Pinned to a Widow's Garments.

Beside the Thames, near Windsor, were found yesterday a woman's clothes carefully placed together in a heap.

"To the skirt had been pinned a brief note stating, 'By the time my clothes are found I shall have joined my husband in heaven.'"

Footprints from the clothes to the riverside indicated that a running leap had been taken from the bank into the water.

It is thought that the writer of the note may be a woman who was known in Windsor, and arrived late on Wednesday night from London, afterwards walking to Eton Brocas, which adjoins the Thames. She was a widow and had friends living near the town.

LOVER'S REMORSEFUL PRAYER.

The young clerk Frederick Victor Ball, who has been on several occasions before the Tottenham Bench on a charge of attempting to murder his sweetheart's mother, Mrs. Bruce, of Langham-road, West Green, was yesterday committed for trial.

When Ball asked the mother's consent to his engagement to her daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen, Mrs. Bruce objected on the ground that the girl was too young. The young man then attacked Mrs. Bruce with a carving-knife, severely wounding her about the hands. The girl, who went to her mother's assistance, was also injured.

A detective stated that Ball said to him, "I was glad when I heard that Mrs. Bruce was not dead. I went down on my knees and offered up a prayer."

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

KINGSTON'S DIGNITY.

DATE _____

The Kaffir houses are said to be arranging to purchase Kaffir prices higher, but the public may rely upon that, unless they themselves do something to help, leading houses do not want prices very much higher. Nevertheless, the news, or the rumour, helped the Kaffir market to-day, and nearly every one was buying before the close. The new Banket shares were put up to £8 at one time. West Africans were scarcely mentioned. West Australians were a rather firmer section. In Indiana a Coromandel reconstruction with \$5 liability is announced. *Russ-Chinese*.—The Russian Consulate has been closed by the Chinese Government. *Telegrams*.—Johannesburg Consols 96½; East Rand 40½; East Rand & S. B. 17½.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the Daily Mirror are at 1, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C. TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1904.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A THAT."

YESTERDAY we lamented the vulgarity of certain rich Americans. To-day we have unfortunately to deplore the cruel snobishness of a number of our own countrymen.

At Kingston-on-Thames the town councillor to whom the honour of becoming Mayor falls naturally this year is a man who ought to be specially honoured by his fellow-townsmen. He has by determination and industry raised himself from a lowly station. He was once a policeman, in fact.

Everyone whose opinion is worth having thinks the better of Mr. Clarke for this. Unfortunately, Kingston seems to contain a good many people who think it monstrous that anyone should rise from the state of life in which he was born. These people are making a dead set at Mr. Clarke, and declaring that it will not be "respectable" for him to wear the Mayor's chain of office and discharge the functions of that position.

There is no suggestion that Mr. Clarke is incapable of discharging them. The idea seems to be that he would not be able to "make a correct bow." In Mr. Sutro's admirable play, "The Walls of Jericho," it is a reproach hurled at the "Smart Set" that a sense of honour may be dispensed with, but that "you must have the right number of buttons on your coat." Evidently this kind of silliness is just as prevalent among the middle-class—or some of them.

The amusing thing is that the Mayor whom Kingston would prefer is—not a Duke, as one would expect after all this outcry; not even a Viscount; not so much as a Knight. He is "a prosperous grocer." The distinctions of social rank must be drawn very fine on the banks of the Thames. We have all heard of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Kingston finds a policeman turn its stomach; grocers it can digest apparently with the greatest ease.

What we should like to see would be some other mayor-elect offering, with the consent of his Council, to let Mr. Clarke take his place. That would show most effectively the good feeling of the community at large towards men who have made their own way in life, and be a fit rebuke to the childish attempt to keep him out of his deserts.

Instead of "disgracing" Kingston's mayoral chair, Mr. Clarke would add honour to it. From lowest place when virtuous things proceed, the place is dignified by the doer's deed.

Let Kingston remember Shakespeare's noble lines, and be ashamed.

"TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP."

The discovery that Lady Curzon's illness was due to a defective drain, and the verdict of a jury to the effect that the milk of a well-known dairy company caused a recent death from typhoid at Ealing, ought to make us all feel uncomfortable. We hope it will. It is only when we feel uncomfortable that we take proper precautions.

The slightest tendency to recurring attacks of illness, however trivial they may seem, should be very carefully examined. Causes can often be stopped in time to avoid serious consequences if only someone has a suspicion that they exist. The householder ought to be the most suspicious person in the world.

Nowadays public sanitary inspectors can be called in at any moment to see if drains are wrong, and it is possible also to get dairy-farms specially inspected if there is any reasonable ground for imagining danger to lurk in their milk. A stitch in time saves nine; a few words to a doctor or a local official may often avert suffering, and perhaps death.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The attractive excitement that permeates the atmosphere of a town, the contrasting confinement and closeness of the house, the spread of Block-dwellings, and the demolition of cottages, and, finally, the broadening distance that separates workshops and home—all forces increasing in magnitude—threaten the very existence of family life. *Studies of Boy Life in Our Cities* (Dent).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the two most important men in Canada are Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leader of the Liberal Party, and Mr. R. L. Borden, K.C., the leader of the Opposition, for the Parliamentary elections took place yesterday. Sir Wilfrid is much the older man, and will be sixty-four on the 20th of this month. He was elected to Parliament in 1874, and after thirteen

years as a private member was chosen as the leader of his party. It was not until 1896 that the Liberals came into power, but since then he had held the Premiership.

In personal appearance Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a very striking figure—tall and commanding, straight as an arrow, with finely chiselled features and a

noble forehead. In manner and polish he is a courtier of the old school, with the easy grace of one with French blood in his veins, while his magnetism, his engaging smile, and his remarkable memory for names and faces materially help in making him a successful politician.

Mr. Borden, the leader of the Conservative Party, is not only a much younger man than Sir Wilfrid Laurier—having just turned the fiftieth milestone—but he has also had much less Parliamentary experience, for he was first elected to represent Halifax in the House of Commons eight years ago. A Nova Scotian by birth, his education was obtained in his native province, after which he became professor for a time in a New Jersey college. Returning to Nova Scotia, he took up law, and is now the head of a large law firm in Halifax.

Mr. Moberly Bell, to whose initiative is probably due the circular asking subscribers to the "Times" to suggest improvements in the paper, is a striking figure in literary and political society. He is very tall, and also very broad-shouldered, and he has the kind of head which marks a man out at once as being "somebody in particular." He is an amusing talker, very seldom at a loss for a repartee.

The only time he was really "floored" was at a dinner-party where he sat next a well-known advocate of women's dress reform. He was saying that he disliked eccentricity. Why did women want to be prominent? Why couldn't they be content? "You believe," said his neighbour, "in doing as other people do in the matter of dress?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Moberly Bell. "Then why," he inquired sweetly, "have you come out without a tie?" His hand flew to his neck. He had not a word to say.

Sir John Cockburn, who contested the West Monmouthshire Parliamentary election as a tariff reformer, is, as his name denotes, of Scottish origin. By profession he is a doctor, and as soon as he had taken his degree and a gold medal he emigrated to South Australia and set up in practice at Jamestown. He was soon made mayor, then returned to Parliament, and later became Premier. Six years ago he came to England as Agent-General for his Colony.

He believes in doing everything thoroughly, and as he writes a great deal he considered he ought to learn to bind his own books. "One ought to be able to dress one's own baby" is how he describes the position. He is a very keen photographer, too, and makes lantern slides.

Among the guests at the Hotel Cecil are the brothers Pinkerton, the heads of the great American detective agency. "Pinkerton" is known the world over, but in America it is a magic word. It is a private Scotland Yard, and as reliable and effective as our own official police. Presidents have engaged men from Pinkerton's to guard them, and it was Allan Pinkerton, the founder of the business, who saved the life of President Lincoln at Baltimore some time before he was assassinated at Washington.

The agency began as all big businesses begin—from very small things. But the detective gift of the family is not only strong, but hereditary. The grandfather of the present heads of the firm was in the Glasgow police, and his son, who emigrated to a rather wild district near Chicago, set up in business as a cooper. The family instinct showed strongly, however, that after he had captured a number of horse thieves and forgers he was made sheriff.

Then he was persuaded to join the regular police in Chicago, but left them again to set up in business on his own. He employed the firm has grown till it employs 1,500 men; and has thousands of correspondents working in conjunction with the official police. The recovery of the "stolen Gainsborough," about three years ago, and the capture of the famous Bank of England forger, Sheridan, are among the firm's cases.

The life of a detective is not so exciting as it would seem from the regulation novel, but there are certainly thrilling moments. Mr. William Pinkerton considers that his most exciting adventure was carrying £100,000 worth of securities on a train through a district which was literally infested with train robbers. He had an empty safe in the guard's van to divert suspicion, and carried the bonds on his person. The train was not attacked, however.

Sir Robert Anderson, who was lecturing last night at the London Institution on "Crime and Criminals," probably knows more about his subject than any man alive. It is not much over three years since he retired from his position as head of the Criminal Investigation Department, and for the last forty years he has advised the Home Office in matters relating to political crime.

As with the Pinkertons, his talent seems to be hereditary. His father was for many years Crown Solicitor to the City of Dublin, and his eldest brother was in charge of the prosecutions after the Phoenix Park murders. Sir Robert entered on his duties just at the time of the Whitechapel murders, and though the mystery of those crimes has never been publicly solved, he holds an explanation which he considers satisfactory. He looks upon the Jabez Balfour case as one of his best.

THE LATEST DEADLY IMPLEMENT OF WAR.



The Russian Government has ordered German cigars at 4s. a hundred for its troops in Manchuria. They are expected to have a deadly effect upon the enemy.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Hall Caine.

TO-DAY his novel, "The Prodigal Son," is published in nine languages, English and American counting as one. He is Manx by birth and by sympathy, and, as his name shows, of mixed Norse and Celtic origin.

Descended from a stock of small farmers and crofters, he is the first of all his line who has worked his brain for a living. He started to do so in the office of an architect, after he had grown out of his childish nickname of "Hommybeg."

Then he started writing wild and impassioned articles on Manx liberty in a local paper, but tired of office work, until at the age of twenty-four he moved to London at the request of Rossetti, and lived with him until his death.

They were the closest of friends, Rossetti dying in his arms. From Rossetti's life he has taken one of the main incidents in his new novel, the burying of the sonnets in the wife's coffin and their exhumation and sale.

It was by Rossetti's advice, too, that he wrote his first novel, and though fame did not come at first, the habit became incurable after his success with "The Deemster."

In appearance he is very like Shakespeare, though perhaps not so much so as he would like and imagine. Still, he is so like that a well-known lady, who lived in the Shakespeare statue in Leicester, was furious because she thought Mr. Hall Caine had cut her.

His methods of work are essentially his own. He wakes early, and while still in bed, mentally composes his day's writing. Then he gets up and hurriedly puts it on paper in small, crabbed writing. The morning is spent in correcting this, and the evening in planning out the next day's work.

THE MESSENGER BOY.

The experiment of placing a District Messenger boy on the arrival platform at King's Cross has proved such a decided success that the feature is to be extended to every great railway terminus in London. The assistant manager of the company told us "Evening News" representative that the messenger boys have extraordinary errands to execute at times.

Clad in a uniform smart and tight, Looking as neat as his well-brushed hair, Ready to tackle a job on sight, Pilot you any-and-everywhere, Scouring breathless across the town, That is the lad whom we all employ, Knowing he never will let us down, Everyone swears by the messenger boy.

Aunt Henrietta must have her cat Fetch'd from the platform at Waterloo. Send for a smart little messenger, that Seems the most sensible thing to do. He will be certain to meet the train, He will take care of our auntie's joy. Never as yet have we cried in vain When we appealed to the messenger boy.

When we were troubled with thoughts of war (Ah, but the outlook was dark and grim), Feeling uncommonly sick and sore, Why was it none of us turned to him? He's the true metal without alloy; Why did we worry with Downing-street? We should have rung up a messenger boy And put him in charge of the Baltic Fleet.

DOUBTS.

He: Tell me. Did you make this cake yourself? She (silently): Now, I wonder whether I ought to say "yes" or "no."—"Fliegende Blätter," Berlin.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF TO-DAYS NEWS

THE LARGEST CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.



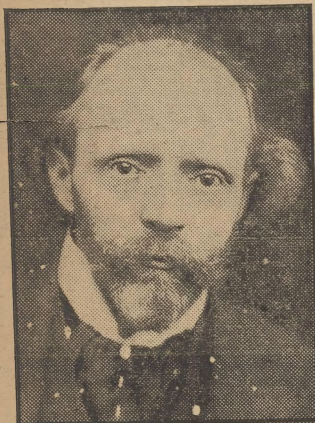
Exhibitors curling the petals of their prize flowers at the National Chrysanthemum Society's Show, which is now being held at the Crystal Palace. This is the largest exhibition of chrysanthemums ever held in England.—(Russell.)

CARRIED TO GAOL.



Rev. Edgar Ball, a Methodist passive resister, of Melton Mowbray, who refused to walk when arrested on Tuesday, and had to be carried to a cab by the police.

MR. HALL CAINE.



His new book, "The Prodigal Son," is published to-day in nine different languages.—(Review on p. 10.)

A COUNCIL OF WAR ON THE FIELD.



General Oku and his Staff holding a council of war in the open air near the scene of a big battle in Manchuria.

WHERE YESTERDAY'S CABINET MEETING WAS HELD.



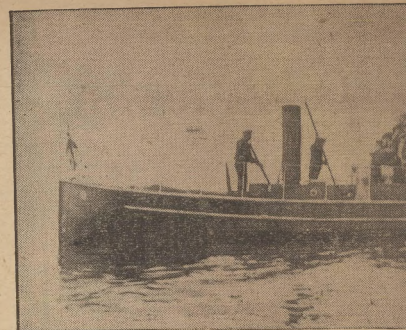
The room at 10, Downing-street, where, owing to Mr. Balfour's illness, the members of the Cabinet met in conference yesterday afternoon. This room has not been used for Cabinet meetings since the days when Mr. Gladstone held office. As extra precaution the room has double doors and double windows.

BUCKS WAR MEMORIAL.



The war memorial to the men of Buckinghamshire who fell in the South African war, which is to be unveiled to-day by Lord Rothschild.

MOVEMENTS OF THE BA



Admiral Rojestvensky, in command of the Baltic Fleet, Spanish port authorities.



This photograph, which was taken from a British vessel, away from the Spanish port.



Showing the British warships in the harbour at Manila, preparing to be ready for action.



The town and harbour at Tangier, where Admiral Rojestvensky is to arrive.

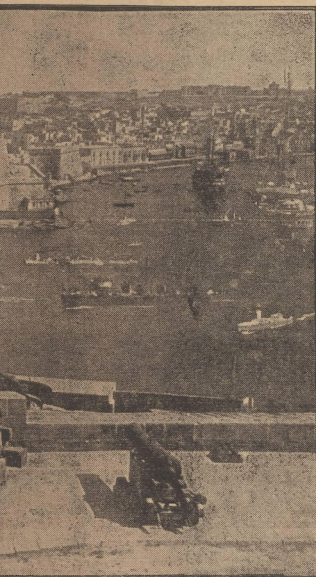
ND BRITISH FLEETS.



the ship's launch to pay a visit to the ship of the line.



the warships of the Baltic Fleet steaming.



now great activity on board the vessels, in an hour's notice.



the vessels of the Baltic Fleet were expected.

PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE IN THE DAY'S NEWS

HORSHAM ELECTION.



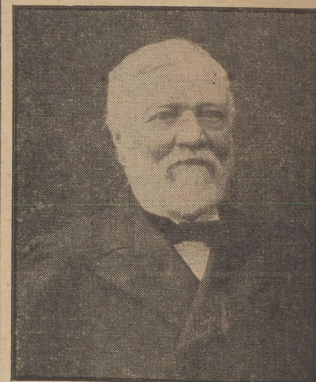
Lord Turnour, the Conservative candidate at the forthcoming Parliamentary election for the Horsham division.—(Russell and Sons.)

£100 REWARD.



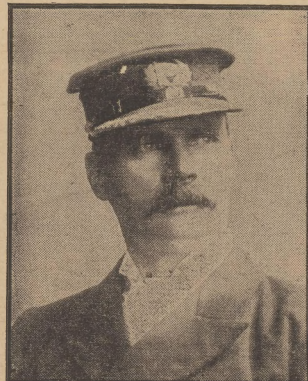
Mr. William Brown, of Chesterhill, Bedford, is offering £100 reward for the recovery of his daughter, Ruth, whose portrait is published above.

RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS



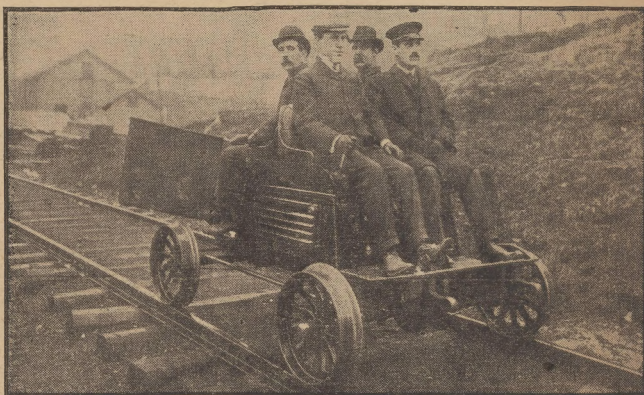
Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the well-known millionaire, who to-day will be re-elected to the Rectorship of St. Andrews University for the ensuing three years.—(Poole).

"ADMIRAL" OF THE THAMES.



Captain Arthur Owen, the popular ex-captain of La Marguerite, who has been appointed by the London County Council to manage their new Thames steamboat service.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN UP TO DATE.



A motor-car on rails, an innovation which the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company are about to introduce on certain parts of their system. The new method is to be first tried on the Sheppey Light Railway, and if successful will be followed at once on all parts of the line.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE UNITED STATES: JUDGE PARKER ADDRESSING A MEETING OF HIS SUPPORTERS.



Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, addressing a gathering of his supporters at his home, in the Catskill Mountains.

"THE PRODIGAL SON."

Mr. Hall Caine's New Book Which Appears To-day.

THE PRODIGAL SON. By Hall Caine. Heinemann. 6s. Published to-day.

I.

Love and death, sorrow and sin, passion and penitence, these, with a haunting vision of "something after death," are what make up life; and it is out of these eternal verities that Mr. Hall Caine has fashioned his latest tale.

That his treatment of them will be of eternal interest, one cannot say; but his skill as a story-teller comes out in this book as strongly as ever. He writes sincerely. He has a strong sense of character, as well as of incident. The book will not arouse enthusiasm among those who love good writing for its own sake, but even they must admit that it has all the qualities which make a book interesting and attractive to the largest number of readers.

He tells us the life story of two brothers and two sisters. The elder brother, Magnus, has a fine character; but he lacks the social skill to let people see what a good, capable fellow he really is. He is engaged to Thora, the elder of the two sisters, a sweet, little creature, who thinks she loves him because her father is anxious to bring about the match. Presently the younger son, Oscar, who has been away from his Iceland home, getting himself musically educated in England, comes back, and carries everything before him. He is every thing that his elder brother Magnus is not.

On landing from the steamer he ran up the street as light of foot as a reindeer, shouting salutations on every side, hugged his mother at intervals of five minutes, spoke so freely that she could not follow him, dashed into the Governor's bureau, kissed his father just as he used to do when he was a boy, talked for ten minutes; explained that he had not written to say that he was coming because he wanted to take everybody unawares; then said, "Now I must slip off to see my godfather," and vanished like a shaft of April sunshine, leaving the air of the room tingling like a candle-labra, and the old people smiling into each other's faces with delighted astonishment.

Poor Magnus has no chance against this admirable Critchton. He soon finds out that Thora's heart was never really his, that she has given it to Oscar for good and all. But Oscar can only be enabled to marry Thora by a sacrifice on Magnus's part. Magnus must break off his engagement himself. On what pretext can he do this? Only by pretending that the conditions of the contract are not good enough for him. In a striking scene he tells Thora's father and the guests assembled for the betrothal ceremony that he is not satisfied with the proposed marriage settlements. This leaves the way open for Oscar to come forward and to offer to take his brother's place.

The sacrifice is accomplished. Magnus has effaced himself. But he has yet one word for the fortunate Oscar's ear:—

"I gave Thora up to you," he says, "that you might love her, and cherish her and make her happy, and be her better husband to her than I could be. But if you don't do it, if you ever neglect her or desert her, or give her up for another woman, I'll take her back. Do you hear me? I'll take her back, and then—then, by God, I'll kill you!"

II.

Helga, the younger sister, is as different from Thora as Oscar is a contrast to Magnus. She is as complex and "modern" as Thora is simple and trusting. Also she has a keen sympathy with Oscar's musical ambitions. Thora has been betrothed only a very short while before she discovers that her younger sister is ousting her in the love of Oscar, just as Oscar drove the image of Magnus from her heart.

Oscar finds one day on the ice, how strong is Helga's attraction for his weak nature. She challenges him to catch her. He does catch her.

And then, before he knew what he was doing, he was clasping her to his breast, and she was clinging to him, lest she should fall, and he was bending kiss after kiss upon her lips.

At the next moment consciousness came back to him like an ice wind blowing on a furnace.

His arms slackened away from Helga, and he said in a cold voice:—"I beg your pardon, Helga. It was wrong of me. I am very sorry."

Oscar really is sorry. He loves Helga. He cannot help it, but he determines to keep faith with Thora in spite of all. He pushes on the date of the wedding, and thinks that, once he is married, his troubles will vanish. Of course, they do nothing of the kind. It becomes more and more evident that his heart is drawn two ways. Thora feels that she has lost him for ever. She loses interest in life. Her hopes of happiness have fallen to the ground. At last, broken-hearted, she dies.

The shock of her death moves Oscar in his state of bitter remorse to a sacrifice which, made earlier, might have spared her life. Just before the coffin is nailed down upon the beautiful face, lined with sorrow and tears, Oscar comes into the chamber of grief.

He carried a bundle of papers in one hand, and they were loose and irregular, as if they had been snatched up hurriedly at the moment he was called.

"Thora," he said in a calm voice, "these are the only copies of my compositions, and I wish you to take them with you. They were written in hours when your faithful heart was suffering through my fault—when I neglected you and deserted you for the sake of my foolish visions of art and greatness. That was the real cause of your death, Thora, and in punishment of myself for sacrificing your sweet life to my selfish dreams I wish to bury the fruits of them in your grave."

Saying this, he put the papers beside the body of Thora and wrapped them in the long plaits of her beautiful hair.

III.

Such a sacrifice may help to heal the wound in Oscar's heart, but it makes no effect whatever on the stern wrath of his brother Magnus. He has sworn to kill his brother if he failed in love towards Thora. He cannot literally kill him, but he can bring shame and disgrace upon him. He knows that Oscar has forged his father's name to pay a gambling debt of Helga's. In a frenzy of anger and grief he denounces Oscar to the old man.

It nearly breaks the father's heart that this son, upon whom he had set all his hopes, should prove worthless. There is but one thing to do—to send him forth into the world, never to see his home or his friends again. "O my one word more," he says, "promise never to see Helga again. She has been at the root of the trouble. Do you promise this?"

There was silence for some moments, and then a muffled sob came as from the stove itself—"I promise." After that, there was silence again for a perceptible period, and then a voice—a strange voice that was like a cry—said:—"That is all. And now—good-bye; and—and God help you!"

For six months Oscar starves in London, then he falls in with Helga again. She is a singer now, a cold, selfish, heartless, "lost soul." But her fascination for Oscar is as strong as ever. His promise goes for nothing. To buy her jewels he digs up and sells the compositions he buried with his dead wife. Then he plays recklessly at Monte Carlo. First he wins, and wins, and wins. Then he loses everything at one sitting. The manager of the casino proposes that he shall win again—with the croupier's help. At first this foul suggestion angers him, but Helga is at hand. "Why not?" she says; "perhaps they cheated you. Why not cheat in your turn? It is only fit for it."

At last Oscar gives way. He agrees to the manager's proposal. Again he wins, and wins, and wins. But the cheating is not done quite cleverly enough.

"Croupier," said a voice with a nasal accent, "I will trouble you to examine these cards."

The manager swung round with an aggrieved expression.

"Surely, sir, you do not mean to imply, to say—"

"I can only say I'll trouble the croupier to examine them last three packs of cards."

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part—

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;

And I am glad, yes, glad with all my heart,

That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,

And when we meet at any time again,

Be it not seen in either of our brows

That we one jot of former love retain.

Now, at the last gasp of love's latest breath,

When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,

When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

And innocence is closing up his eyes

—Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,

From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

—Michael Drayton.

"Come this way, Mr. Stephenson," whispered the manager, and while most of the company were still crowding about the croupier, he half led, half pushed Oscar through a small door to a private corridor.

"Stay here; leave everything to me. I'll do the best I can."

How long he stayed there he never knew. It seemed like an hour, but it could hardly have been more than a few minutes. The tumult grew louder, then there was the report of a pistol shot, and then the noises frayed off to silence.

Then the manager comes hurriedly back.

"I've done the best I could for you," he said, panting and gasping. "I have told them you have shot yourself, and your friends have supported that explanation. You must get away at once. You must catch the midnight train to Paris. You've only four minutes, but you'll do it if you run. Here is a second-class ticket to London. Good-night! And remember," said the man as Oscar was passing through a private door to the garden, "remember—Oscar Stephenson is dead!"

IV.

It is as Christian Christianson that the world henceforth knows Oscar Stephenson. He makes a great name as a composer. The world rings with his praises. Money is poured out at his feet. At the height of his fame his homeland suddenly calls. He goes back to Iceland to find that his mother and his daughter, whom Thora left behind, are living with Magnus under the shadow of impending ruin. They do not recognise him. They, like the rest of the world, suppose him to be dead. They do not even regret him.

He talks to his child; he asks her what she knows about her father.

"That say he was unkind to my mother, and they that was one of the reasons why she died so early."

For a moment he almost wished himself back in the dark night from which he had come. The girl's simple words had been ringing the death-bell of his expectations. He had come too late—too late!

But just as one part of the plan he had formed for himself was becoming vague and shadowy a gleam of new light was shot into his brain, and his heart rose with a bound.

"Didn't grandma call you Christian Christianson?" asked the girl.

"Yes," he answered. "Ever hear that name before, my child?"

The girl turned to him with a face glowing with excitement.

"I sing his songs, sir. I think they are the most beautiful songs in the world."

In a sense he is consoled, but still there is much to be done. He must save his dear ones from the fate that has overtaken them. Then he must pass out of their lives again for ever. He understands, at last, the fate of the prodigal son. It is not on earth that he can be received again into his father's halls. In Heaven alone can he hope to find once more the happiness his sin has forfeited.

The final scenes are finely conceived and finely written. Oscar leaves his hopes, his dreams, behind him, and starts alone across the mountains. He walks for hours amid utter loneliness.

By this time he was in that mood in which a man of his temperament finds it difficult to distinguish the real from the imaginary, in which he hears the sounds of Nature and mistakes them for voices from the other world.

He had wandered, without knowing it, from the path of the pass, which was marked by stones standing upright out of the snow, when the volcanic fire in the womb of the mountain began to shake it with mighty throbs.

Oscar Stephenson did not see or feel anything. He was only conscious of a burst of heavenly music, of a sense of ten thousand angels singing an anthem, a triumphant paean of praise that grew louder and louder every moment. . . . a sense of a spirit stooping to him and taking him by the hand, saying, "Come!"; of looking up into her face, and seeing it was Thora; a sense of stumbling along with his head down and the spirit leading him forward and singing as they ascended.

A moment afterwards there was no one on Hengst Mountain. The great, lone home of Nature was calm and white and silent.

"For this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." These are the beautiful words that ring in our ears and wet our eyelashes as we lay down the book.

THE "THUNDERER" WANTS HELP.

The "Times" has taken a hint from the *Daily Mirror*. It is asking its readers to suggest improvements in the arrangement of its pages, the contents of its supplements, the space it allots to various kinds of news, and so on.

A circular to this effect has just been issued to subscribers, whose suggestions are promised the "closest attention."

If all the Japs were fishermen,
And all their vessels trawlers,
The Russ might be in Tokio
A-entertaining callers.

—The North American.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

A FEW OUT OF MANY.

I have taken your cheap and very interesting paper from the beginning, and I mean to stick to it. God-speed for the future! F. WILLIAMS.
Portland-square, Bristol.

I wish you my happy returns of your paper's birthday. It is very much appreciated in this neighbourhood. ALFRED ASHBY.
Roade, Northamptonshire.

Allow me the pleasure of congratulating you upon your birthday and to wish you every success in the future. I have taken your paper from the beginning, and have watched with great interest its various changes. ERNEST DEAN.
Harvist-road, W.

Please permit me to wish the *Daily Mirror* the increasing success you anticipate, and which it so well deserves.

Apart from the general merits, the paper is so clean and tasteful in all its branches of matter, so attractive to readers of all classes and ages, that the sensible public must feel inspired to encourage it in every way.

The *Daily Mirror* comes to me, and to many friends, like a fresh flower every morning.
41, Great Russell-street, W.C. H. TIGHBORNE.

LETHAL CHAMBERS FOR THE INSANE.

Your correspondent, Archer Clarke, in replying to E. Leyden, displays amazing ignorance of his Bible.

God being "All Powerful," is responsible for all His creatures' actions.

Every lunatic is a creature whom God has seen fit to afflict. COLIN F. MACKENZIE.

47, Muschelamp-road, East Dulwich.

God does not afflict his people with madness. Take any case of insanity that may be brought forward. Trace back, and see if it is not sin that has been the cause of it. T. R. TURNER.
Copleston-road, East Dulwich.

A TRUE BILL.

I observe honourable John Burns, M.P., talking in London County Council as to proposed Japanese exhibition being probable to have vulgarising effect.

I also observe honourable Canon Hammond saying Japan "poses" before other nations because, as a "pagan" country, she is "on trial."

We Japanese do not like such sayings. Allow my telling you they are not worthy to be uttered by educated people. Honourable Burns may not know better, but Honourable Hammond is surprising me, for he is a high man of your Church. Temple, E.C. WAKAWA LICH.

I would like to ask Mr. Burns if he knows what a Japanese tea-house is. It is evident he is not personally acquainted with the matter, or he would not have made such a suggestive remark. Nov. 2, 1904. JAPANESE.

LORD ROSEBERY ON NOVELS.

I note with regret the remarks of Lord Rosebery upon the late Mr. Henry's works.

Mr. Henry, in my opinion, never aspired to rank as a modern Scott. But if you were to ask some of the many readers of the *Daily Mirror* which author influenced them most for good, Mr. Henry would have not a few on his side.

His aim was to impress upon his readers their duty to God, themselves, and their country and King. M. BAKER.
Whitehorse-lane, South Norwood.

LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT.

Mme. Clara Butt Warmly Welcomed on Her Reappearance.

We can ill afford to lose our greatest contralto, even for one season only, so Madame Clara Butt, on her reappearance at the Albert Hall last night, after her recent illness, was very heartily welcomed. The great singer's voice has been said by a famous German critic to be "the voice of the century."

Madame Clara Butt, too, is especially dear to English people, because she has brought to perfection the art of singing simple ballads. She has sung her way into the hearts of us all. Last night's programme contained many of her old favourite songs—"Abide With Me," "Land of Hope and Glory," and the "Promise of Life" among them. Madame Clara Butt's marriage to Mr. Kenneth Rumford has been an extremely happy one. Husband and wife are devoted to one another. It is always said, by the way, that her husband proposed to her actually on the concert platform, between the verses of a duet they were singing together.

They have two children. One fact not generally known about Clara Butt is that she was a champion of Elgar's music in the early days, when the composer was unknown. She always maintained that he would be one of the greatest composers of the day.

The singer herself, by the way, has done a little composition in secret, but, in defiance of her friends' advice, has never allowed her efforts to see the light.

IS IT COMING TRUE?

"Old Moore" stands to score over the Anglo-Russian crisis if it ends in friendly agreement.

In his Almanac for 1904 he said, among his prophecies for November:—"A case of international importance will be settled by arbitration about now, to the mutual satisfaction not only of Great Britain, but to the foreign Power concerned therein."

Let us hope "Old Moore" will prove a true prophet.

The Baltic Fleet set sail with
And shot some fishermensky
But wait and hear the talcovich
Of Adm'lal Rojstjensky.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yes, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,

And when we meet at any time again,

Be it not seen in either of our brows

That we one jot of former love retain.

Now, at the last gasp of love's latest breath,

When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,

When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

And innocence is closing up his eyes

—Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,

From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

—Michael Drayton.

Our New Serial.

You Can Begin this Story To-day.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

FOR NEW READERS.

Mr. Brasser is a very prominent financier. He wants to marry Gertrude Gascoyne, the sister of Mr. Justice Gascoyne.

She is in love with her old friend and playfellow, Hugh Mordaunt. Unfortunately he has a failing: he drinks.

Gertrude is staying in London with her friend, Lady Chetnoyle, whom the financier has sounded as to whether Gertrude is ever likely to accept him.

Lady Chetnoyle has promised to tell him, after speaking to the girl, whether he has any chance or not.

CHAPTER VII.

Midnight Confidences.

Late one evening, some ten days after Lady Gascoyne had been snatched as a brand from the burning by the generous aid of Mrs. La Grange, Gertrude Gascoyne was sitting before the mirror in her bedroom while her maid was engaged in brushing her heavy masses of long, dark hair.

A soft tap came at the door, and Lady Chetnoyle entered.

"May I come in?" she asked, in that gentle sweet voice which always so surprised a stranger; it contrasted so oddly with her six feet of height, and with a frame large in proportion, though slender and graceful.

Lady Chetnoyle bore the heavy cross of her stately dimensions with a humorous resignation. Though she overpowered her husband by two inches, he found a grand compensation in her stern determination not to live up to her appearance. She was, in fact, the tenderest and most obedient of wives.

"Do come in, Major," cried Gertrude. Lady Chetnoyle's intimates nearly always called her Major.

"You won't be angry, will you, Clémence?" said Lady Chetnoyle to Gertrude's maid. "I should like to finish your delightful task."

"You may do Clémence," said Gertrude with an obvious air of resignation. "My tea at eight o'clock, please."

"I know you don't want to see me a little bit," said Lady Chetnoyle, as soon as they were alone together, "but you really must come to some kind of a decision, my dear. The uncertainty is getting on your nerves most awfully. You are not your self at all."

As Lady Chetnoyle spoke she applied the brush to her friend's luxuriant hair.

"It's very beautiful, Gertrude," she said, laughing; "but when a grenadier is brushing it she has to bend almost double. You would have to go without if my hair were as long as yours. It's not very loose. He's been here twice, you know."

"I don't know what to say; I'm no nearer a decision than when you first spoke of it. Oh, I wish, I wish—"

"I know, we all wish that we did not have to make decisions, but they have a habit of coming up all the time. I heard the Persian Ambassador say once that he would be grand, if only there were no fighting. Life would be jolly, if one didn't always have to be saying 'yes' or 'no.'"

"He is old enough to be my father," sighed the girl.

"Yes; point number one against him. Look at your face in the glass, Gertrude."

The latter, clad in a gown from smiling at the woe-begone appearance of the countenance that was reflected to her.

"That's point number two," said her ladyship. "If mention of his name brings a look like that, it seems to me his appeal is answered."

Her large graceful hands wove Gertrude's hair into a great braid.

"Now," she said, stooping from her great height and printing a kiss on the forehead of her friend, "we can look into one another's faces, and decide what is best to be done."

Gertrude threw off her dressing jacket, and slipped into her heavy, wadded silk kimono. Then she sat down in an easy chair, and clasped her hands over her knees and looked for inspiration at the hand-painted silken screen which hid the fireplace.

"I don't love him," she said with a sigh, after a long moment of silence.

Lady Chetnoyle stretched her long self on the couch at the foot of the bed, and rested her head on her arm.

"Don't mind my being lazy, Gertrude," she said, "I am tired out."

Gertrude looked with admiration at the fine sweep of her friend's figure.

"You are the little six-footer in London, Emma," she said, with a little smile, "who can curl up like a kitten without looking awful. You—"

"Now, now, don't hope to get away from the subject by complimenting me. Mr. Brasser is coming here to-morrow afternoon."

"I wish I'd never seen him," exclaimed Gertrude, giving a vicious little dig with her slipped toe to a footstool; "or, rather, that he had never seen me."

"I sympathise with him, you know, Gertrude; I told you so the other day. He's simply madly in love with you. He spoke in a way that I couldn't believe of him at first—so kindly, so gently. It was a revelation. He showed a side I had no idea existed."

"Yes, yes, you told me all that," cried Gertrude impatiently.

"I've seen him twice since, you know, dear. The good impression was deepened. He was buoyant, breezy, of course—he's always that; but he was humble, pleading, too. It comes so wonderfully from a man like that. He would have swept you off your feet, Gertrude."

"Yes, that's what I complain of," cried the girl impatiently, "no house, if it had the choice, would like to be seized by a tornado, and hustled into another field, even if that field were Europe. Oh, his offer! You know it is. I liked the man till you brought me his ridiculous message."

"I couldn't refuse," said Lady Chetnoyle gently, "to bring a message expressed to me with so much feeling, with a consideration which you could not expect from a self-made man whose life has been one long, rough struggle. I am not his advocate, Gertrude, nor wish to influence you one way or the other."

"You're a born matchmaker, Major; you always have been; you love it, you know."

"I love to see those I love well settled in life. I own to that, Gertrude dear. In this case there is so much both for and against that I do not pretend to take a side. All I can do is to help you."

"You will let me put the weights in the balance for you. His whole heart is bound up with you; he must not be kept waiting long. It is not fair to him."

"Oh, oh, must I accept him, then, in the first instant that he chooses to step down from his perch of gold and offer me a share in his gilded cage?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Gertrude. The only definite answer that you can give is 'No.' If you have not a decisive 'No' for him, you do not bind yourself at all. All he asked me to secure for him, if I could, was a chance to win you. I thought it very honourable of him to come so promptly to me. He would have gone to your brother, as I told you, but he preferred to let me put the matter in his unofficial approach to you. Of course, she has no idea," he said, "I fear it will be a terrible surprise to her. I am much older, I have not behind me the history of a distinguished family. I shall be the originator of one, I hope. I would rather be the first of a distinguished line than the last."

"Of course," he told you," interrupted Gertrude, "just how many sovereigns he had, and what a gorgeous palace he would erect in London, and of the magnificent old castles he would buy all over the country. He hinted, no doubt, at the long trains of automobiles which would be at his service, of the troops of liveried servants, of the luxury in which he would wrap me, of the splendours with which he would dazzle me."

"On the contrary," answered Lady Chetnoyle, smiling, "he painted no pictures of Aladdin-like palaces. He never spoke of his money. He pleaded with a pretty humility, which I admit rather pleased me. He said, of course, that it was your decision that you could have the slightest feeling for him. All he asked was a chance to try and rouse that feeling in you. That's the whole message. The man is wildly in love with you. I could see it in his manner. I could read it in his voice. It told me more than his words, though I can assure you they were very much to the point."

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"Come, now, no more nonsense." As she spoke Lady Chetnoyle rose to a sitting posture, and Gertrude knelt in front of her with elbows on her knees and hands crossed in her lap.

"Don't be surprised if I say that I don't attach great importance to being in love."

"You—so happy with your husband—you say that," cried the girl, leaning back and looking with astonishment.

"I mean what I say," she continued in a firm voice; "if you can have love, yes. Jim and I, Gertrude, are exceptionally fortunate. Nearly all the marriages of our friends, my dear, are unhappy. The worst failures of all are those that start with love."

Gertrude's answer was to burst into a flood of tears.

Lady Chetnoyle bent over the bowed head with a great tenderness, as she whispered softly:

"I must speak of it, dearest, we cannot escape it now. Hush! Mordaunt—"

"No, no," pleaded Gertrude.

"I must," answered Lady Chetnoyle; "you are wretched on his account. My bright, little Gertrude has been going about like a ghost ever since she met him, nearly a fortnight ago. I could not help guessing your secret, dear. I am so very sorry for you. I am anxious about you."

"Have you heard anything about him?" asked Gertrude in a choking voice.

"I have made some inquiries, Gertrude, for your sake—discreet inquiries. What I have learned makes me fear the worst. He is not worthy of you. Dearest, you must be brave."

"I have tried to be," sobbed Gertrude. "I—I cannot forget his name."

"It is hard at first," answered this tender, sympathising friend. "Oh, I am deeply grieved for you. I am so sorry that trouble has come so early to you in your bright life. I am sorry that it has come to you in this form. There is only one thing worse, Gertrude, than for a woman to love a man who has stepped on the downward path—and that is to marry him. You have escaped that."

"He cannot be hopeless," cried Gertrude, "there is so much that is good in him, Emma. I—I think sometimes that I might be able to save him. He is not true to his best self, to his nobler side, through weakness."

"The one hopeless thing—" cried Lady Chetnoyle. "The love of a good woman may turn a strong man from evil courses, but it is weak and not constant enough to love to be saved. This is what I fear for you, Gertrude—why I wish to see you settled. Remember Marjorie James. She married with the fond dream that she could reform her husband. He is in an inebriate asylum—yes, I will speak out, Gertrude; you shall not commit folly with your eyes closed. And she, a broken woman, is living in the country with her mother, wondering every hour as she looks at her little baby whether he, as he grows up, will inherit his father's tendency. Remember Alice Nevel, Gertrude—there was another terrible case; and Sarah Henley, think of that poor child. You were her bridesmaid, Gertrude, and ten years ago, if I met that poor girl to-morrow I would not cut her. Her husband's conduct drove her to her rash action. Gertrude, my darling, the path of life and love is strewn with the broken hearts of women who have married to reform their husbands."

"I would welcome any fate for you rather than that you should be in one way or another from our point of view, a trifle ridiculous, but he is the type of the modern man, Gertrude; the type that we see more and more, and that is regarded with ever-increasing respect by an age which is frankly devoted to material success. Old-fashioned people and poets and a few moralists pretend to sneer at this kind of success. That is not fair. The next, ablest men of this generation and the next, and perhaps the next after that, will be devoting all their energies to harnessing the new discoveries of the scientists. Our grandchildren may, perhaps, sit down to enjoy the fruits of these discoveries with a leisure and a culture which we have lost for a time. The man I admire is the man who has the front in the great battle that engages his own generation—a noble knight in the time of the Black Prince, a great financier to-day—they are equally in the van of the fighting ranks of their time. Try and like this man, Gertrude; he will ask little of you, will give much; you will be sheltered from most of the cares and troubles of life. You will be protected from that enemy which I fear most of all—your own tender, wavering, affectionate heart. Remember, you commit yourself to nothing if you let me carry this message, just the simplest, vaguest message that the field may possibly be open to him. I will respect your confidence sacredly, Gertrude."

"Oh yes, I know that, dear."

"Very well," answered Lady Chetnoyle, as she embraced the still weeping girl affectionately. "I shall tell him that I believe he may have a fighting chance. You can decide for yourself after you have seen more of him. Now, go to bed, dear, and try and get some sleep. I do not think you have closed your eyes for a week."

"You are very sweet to me, Emma. Oh, I forgot, I have dismissed Clémence. You want to borrow her to-night, don't you?"

"No, dear, she knows that my faithful Jane has come back. Poor thing, she is awfully cut up. She seems to have been wrapped up in her mother. I have allowed her to wear mourning, and Old Gertrude, but everything seems to centre now about that man. Jane tells me that her nephew was a clerk in Mr. Brasser's office. Good night, dear."

An hour later, Lady Chetnoyle was listening to an extraordinary story about Mr. Brasser from her faithful Jane—a story which was destined to have a dominating influence on his fortunes.

(To be continued.)

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BABY CALF AND DEER THE LATEST FURS—FASHIONABLE BEAD WORK.

APACHE LOOMS.

SOME ORNAMENTS INDIAN SQUAWS APPROVE.

The love of barbaric ornament is deeply implanted in the feminine breast. Quaint amulets and charms ever possess an irresistible attraction; therefore the cult of the bead is eagerly pursued by many votaries of fashion.

From America, where the curious bead-work executed by Indian squaws is high in favour, comes a delightful little loom, a simple contrivance by the aid of which can be fashioned the loveliest of designs in multi-chains, bells, chateaux-bags, purses, and the like. Apache work, as it is called, is a delightful winter pastime.

Christmas Presents Made on the Loom.

To meet the ever-increasing demand for these handy looms many of our leading fancy-work depots are prepared to supply them, together with beads of various sizes and colours, pattern sheets, end-all accessories. It is well to expend the extra sum required and obtain one with a piece ready begun, as the mode of working will then be quickly understood. A novice will be wise to begin with an easy pattern, using beads of a moderate size. Very fine ones, though extremely dainty in effect, are far more difficult to manipulate.

Beaded belts are a charming adjunct to the costume. Those who are fortunate enough to possess old-fashioned ones are now bringing them forth from their hiding-places and rejoicing over their well-preserved beauty. One exquisite example, fashioned by fingers long since crumbled into dust, shows an intricate design of poppies of various hues on a cream groundwork with a pale blue border.

The whole is composed of myriads of the tiniest beads imaginable, on a foundation of fine canvas, and resembles a perfect specimen of the painter's art. The colours, pure and fresh and tastefully blended, give no hint of the crudity which too frequently disfigures the bead-work of the early Victorian era. Belts look best fitted with enamel clasps repeating the principal tones of the design, and it may be well to add that in Paris, as well as in London, beaded belts are most fashionable.

Children are easily taught to use their fingers skilfully by the aid of the little loom illustrated,

and what more pleasant and novel recreation for the invalid, who desires a change from embroidery and crochet, can there be than this? The instrument is small and light, and the work can be taken up and laid down at any moment.

Great scope is also offered for the exercise of ingenuity and skill on the part of the worker in



Authentic Indian design for a pouch purse with wampum fringe.

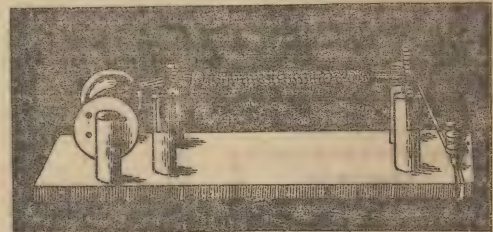
FASHIONS IN FURS.

LEATHER TRIMS PELTRY INSTEAD OF LACE.

Last winter all the smartest furs were more or less tight fitting, with upstanding collars and sleeves huge at the cuff, and the handsomest had a touch of lace in the form of a jabot at the neck or a vest, and wristlets. This season there is little or no lace to be seen. Everything is gorgeous embroidery,

It is longer than ordinary mink, of a more splendid hue, and also more expensive. Combined with ermine, as it will be perceived in the picture on this page, it forms a most desirable possession.

Sable marmot is a close imitation of Russian sable, is a shade darker, and is very serviceable. It looks truly handsome when combined with emerald green or garnet red velvet. Chinese sable, though ever rarer than the Russian fur, is less expensive when it can be had at all. It has a very long nap, each hair having two distinct colours, a deep cinnamon at the end and a rich mouse-grey near the felt. Fox, of course, is again very fashionable in all its colours—red, black, and white.



This is the loom upon which such beautiful bead-work is now being made at home.

A CONTENTED DUTCHMAN.

Prince's Skating Rink is now open for the winter season, and is the resort of all the fashionable folk who delight in this healthy pastime. On the left is sketched a fur coat worn by one of the on-lookers at Prince's. It is made of mink with a V-shaped collar, cuffs and muff of ermine. The cuffs and muff are fastened over in envelope form, by means of large ivory buttons.

Faith is an excellent quality of mind, if based on correct judgment; otherwise it may lead to unfortunate results. Who has not heard of the fat Dutchman on the sinking ship who, on being urged to hasten into the lifeboat, then waiting alongside, remarked that he was in no hurry, because his life was insured in one of the best offices in Amsterdam? Verily, some people don't know a good thing when they see it, while others recognise it on sight and promptly reach out and seek to obtain it.

Probably no more extreme examples of misplaced faith can be found than among the suffering sick. A ailing man or woman who is attended by some respectable doctor will more often than not be perfectly assured that everything possible is being done to recover their lost health; and this, perhaps, despite the fact that weeks or even months elapse without any progress whatever towards recovery. Wiser in his generation is Mr. Andrew Poulter, of Ash Vale, Aldershot. Mr. Poulter, writing on June 10th, 1890, relates a common experience, but which is none the less interesting on that account. "There can be nothing more certain in this world," he says, "than that I owe my life to Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Up to the autumn of 1883 I was a strong, healthy man. Then something went wrong with me. My energy was gone and I was easily exhausted. My appetite also left me, and the little food I ate gave me pain across the chest and between the shoulders.

"As winter approached I was seized with rheumatism. Pains in my joints tormented me night and day, so that I got little or no sleep. I was attended by a doctor, who gave me medicines and recommended insect-net poultices. When it was found that I was no better for this treatment, I was told to wait until the warm weather came.

"During 1890 I got along somewhat better, but towards the close of 1891 I had a second attack, more severe than the first. It made a helpless cripple of me. I was quite incapable of work, and so irritable from pain that I could not bear anyone to speak to me. My doctor told me plainly that I could not live much longer.

"Mr. C. Harwood, of Ash Vale, did not agree with this opinion, and brought me a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine for a few weeks I could eat well. Gradually all my pains left me and my former good health returned."

"Eight years have done nothing to impair the permanency of Mr. Poulter's cure, for, on the 29th April, 1894, he writes to say: "I continue to enjoy sound bodily health, and am at present as well and strong as ever in my life."

The wrecked Dutchman's faith was based upon misconception. Mr. Harwood's recommendation upon an universally acknowledged truth.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE

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devising fresh and artistic patterns. One small and delightful piece of work is a fol-chain carried out in green and turquoise beads with ruby circlets. Another is the illustrated chateaux purse, which boasts real Indian devices of great antiquity upon it, the proper shades of which are deep red and blue on a ground of pearly white. The hanging fringe of wampum is a characteristic feature of this original novelty, which would make a very charming Yuletide gift.

Japanese, Chinese, Persian, Turkish, and Russian, with brilliant art nouveau buttons to match the colour scheme, and broché or brocade lining satin in perfect colour harmony.

Sometimes the embroidery is done on wool, sometimes on silk, and often on punched leather, which is also exquisitely painted.

The shoulders of the new fur wraps are very wide, but collars have come back, big rolling Russian collars, flatter tailor-made collars and lapels, but only occasionally the stole effect with the smart tailor-made vest. Fur Eton coats have elbow flowing sleeves, motor coats have huge sleeves, full from the shoulder to the wrists, with snug wing cuffs hidden inside. Box coats have either plain or flowing sleeves, full at the shoulder, and very long.

Unless embroideries are used, fur is employed as a trimming on fur. Ermine is the handsomest trimming for moleskin, fine Persian lamb, and sable, and is also very beautiful with lynx. It is rarely combined with seal, squirrel, deer, which is a very new choice, a few of a dull brown, rough, and exceedingly smart, or with the now fashionable baby calf. Deer and baby calf, combined with fine, plain-tinted leather, or with rich embroideries, look most handsome.

Many Uses of Leather.

This whim of using leather in bright or pale colours with fur is the very latest fashion. The leather is dyed in gorgeous hues—in coq de roche, orange, dahlia, every chrysanthemum colour from mahogany to cream, hunting green, gold red, and in all the various cornflower-blue shades. It is used for collars, revers, lapels, cuffs, medallions, and buttons, and in the form of elaborate passementerie with silk, fur, velvet, and lace. It is most effective in the old vegetable dyes—Chinese blue, Indian red, mustard yellow, and green.

Just how much of a craze there will be for the new furs is uncertain. Baby calf, with its sharp patches of rich red brown and clear cream white is certainly very odd and distinctly smart. Deer-skin, too, is really beautiful in tone, but necessarily rather coarse in texture. Japanese mink is another novelty in brown fur, very like sable without the grey undershadow.

Nervous Exhaustion

How Bishop's Tonules Quickly Restore the Nerves

Are you conscious that your daily work or daily round of pleasure is making too heavy a demand on your nervous system? Are you feeling fatigued, languid, depressed, irritable, worn-out, wanting in confidence and pluck, and do you find it difficult to concentrate your mind on the business before you?

If so, you certainly want something that will pick you up immediately, pull you together, make you feel fresh, energetic, and vigorous, and that something you will find in Bishop's Tonules. They put new life into every organ of the body, improve the appetite, promote the assimilation of your food, stimulate the liver, increase the flow of bile, completely renew the nerves, and assist the building up of the tissues. In short, as a gentleman who has used them writes:—"Bishop's Tonules have made quite a new man of me."

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A. W., New Cross, London, writes:—"Bishop's Tonules do all you claim for them. After I had taken them my neuralgia gradually disappeared, my appetite improved, and by degrees the colour came back to my lips and face, and I arise in the morning much brighter and fresher, having lost that heavy, sleepy feeling. I continued the treatment regularly, and day by day my condition improved, and now I am enjoying first-rate health and strength. Thousands of letters have been received, of which the originals may be seen."

The Sick One's Bargain

THIS being the Age of bargains, economy in the sick room is quite in order. SCOTT'S Emulsion is ever the best bargain for the Sick One. What is had for the money with SCOTT'S EMULSION IS A CURE. It is horribly expensive to get the wrong preparation! Get the right thing at the start! Scott's Emulsion is the right thing. This is WHY:

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